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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910. SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR. NO. 32.

Half A Chance

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

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CHAPTER IX.

When John Steele, contrary to cus-m, set aside, in deciding to leave ndon that day, all logical methods reasoning and acted on what was thing more than an irresistible im-lse, he did not attempt to belittle to mself the possible consequences that ght accrue from his action. He was following the course intelligence d directed; he was not embarking a journey his best interests would re prompted; on the contrary, he w himself mad, foolish. But not for moment did he regret his decision; bbornly, obstinately he set his back ward the town; with an enigmatical am in his dark eyes he looked away m the blur Sir Charles and he had behind them.

Green pastures, bright prospects! hence were they leading him? His ze was now somber, then bright; ough more often shadows passed r his face, like clouds in the sky. Outwardly his manner had become concerned, collected; he listened to Charles' jokes, offered casual com-nts of his own. He even performed wonted part in relieving the tedium a long journey with voluntary con-butions to conversations on divers cts in which he displayed wide and reaching knowledge. He answered many questions of his companion the different habits of criminals; w they lived; the possibilites for re-ming the worst of the lot; the var-s methods toward this end advocat-by the idealist. These and other sub-ts he touched on with poignant, il-minating comment.

Sir Charles regarded him once or ice in surprise. "You have seen a l in your day," he observed, "of the der world, I mean!" John Steele re-ned an evasive answer. The noble-n showed a tendency to doze in his t, despite the jolts and jars of the y, and, thereafter, until they arrived Strathorn the two fellow travelers e on in silence.

This little hamlet lay in a sleepy-kling dell; as the driver swung n a hill he whipped up his horses d literally charged the town; swept rough the main thoroughfare and w up with a flourish before the ncipal tavern. Sir Charles started, tched his legs; John Steele got wn.

"Conveyance of any kind here, wait-r to take us to Strathorn House?" lled out the former as he stiffly scended the ladder at the side of the ach.

The landlord of the Golden Lion, o had emerged from his door, re-ned an affirmative reply and at the me time ushered the travelers into a y sitting-room. As they crossed the ll, turning to the right to enter this artment, some one in the room op-site, a more public place, who had en furtively peering through the lf-opened door to observe the new-mers, at sight of John Steele drew ickly back. Not, however, before t gentleman had caught a glimpse of m. A strange face, indeed,—but the low's manner—his expression—the t itself somehow struck the observer, nduly, no doubt, and yet—— A ment later this door closed, and om beyond came only a murmur of en's voices over pots.

"Trap will be in front directly," Charles," said the landlord, linger-g. "Meanwhile if there is any-ing—"

"Nothing, thank you! Only a short stance to Strathorn House," he ex-ained to John Steele, "and I fancy 'll do better by waiting for what we y require there. But what is the est news at Strathorn? Anything ppened? Business quite?"

"It 'asn't been so brisk, and it 'asn't en so dull, your Lordship, what with w and then a gentleman from Lon-n!"

"From London? Isn't that rather usual?"

"Somewhat. But as for your Lord-p's first question, I don't know of y news, except Squire Thompson d me to inform your Lordship he uld have the three hunters he was ling your lordship about, down at stud farm this afternoon, and if r lordship cared to have a look at em—"

"If," cried Sir Charles. "There isn't 'if.' Three finer animals man ver threw leg over, judging from port," he explained to John Steele, stud farm's about a mile in the posite direction from Strathorn use. Mind a little jog to the farm st?"

"Not at all!" John Steele had been king thoughtfully toward the door that had closed upon the man whose quick regard he had detected. "Only, if you will allow me to make a counter proposal,—Strathorn House, you say, is near; I am in the mood for exercise after sitting so long, and should like to walk there."

"By all means," returned the other, "since it's your preference. Pretty apt to overtake you," he went on, after giving his guest a few directions. "Especially if you linger over any points of interest!"

The trap drew up; the two men separated. Sir Charles rattled briskly down one way. Steele turned to go the other. But before setting out, he asked a causal question or two of the landlord, relating to the occasional "gentlemen from London;" the host, however, appeared to know little of any cosmopolitan visitors who had happened to drift that way, and John Steele, eliciting no information in this regard, finally started on his walk. Whatever his thoughts, many quaint and characteristic bits of the town failed to divert them; he looked neither to the right, at a James I. sun-dial; nor to the left, where a small sign proclaimed that an event of historical importance had made noteworthy that particular spot. Over the cobblestones, smoothed by the feet of many generations, he walked with eyes bent straight before him until he reached an open space on the other side of the village, where he paused. On either side hedges partly screened undulating meadows, the broad sweeps of emerald green interspersed here and there with small groups of trees in whose shadows cattle grazed. A stream with lively murmur meandered downward; in a bush, at his approach, a bird began to sing, and involuntary the man stopped; but only for a moment.

Soon rose before him the top of a modest steeple; then a church, within the sanctuary of whose yard old stones mingled with new. He stepped in; "straight on across the churchyard!" had been Sir Charles' direction. John Steele moved quickly down the narrow path; his eye had but time to linger a moment on the monuments, ancient and crumbling, and on headstones more recently fashioned, when above, another picture caught and held his attention.

Strathorn House! A noble dwelling, massive, gray! And yet one that lifted itself with charming lightness from its solid, baronial-like foundation! It adorned the spot, merged into the landscape. Behind, the forest, a dark line, penciled itself against the blue horizon; before the ancient stone pile lay a park; Noble trees guarded the walks, threw over them great gnarled limbs or delicately-trailing branches. Between, the interspaces glowed bright with flowers; amid all, a little lake shone like a silver shield bearing at its center a marble pavilion.

Long the man looked; through a veil of mist, turrent and tower quivered; strong lines of masonry vibrated. Wavering as in the spell of an optical illusion, the structure might have seemed but a figment of imagination, or one of those fanciful castles sung by the Elizabethan brotherhood of poets. John Steele, did he feel for the time, despite other disquieting, extraneous thoughts, the subtle enchantment of the scene? The minutes passed, he did not move.

"You find it to your liking?"

A voice, fresh, gay, interrupted; with a great start, he turned.

Jocelyn Wray, for it was she, laughed; so absorbed had he been, he had not heard her light footstep on the grass behind.

"You find it to your liking?" she repeated, tilting quizzically her fair head.

His face changing, "Entirely," he managed to say. And then, "I—did not know you were near."

"No? But I could see that. Confess," with accent a little derisory, "I startled you." As she spoke she leaned slightly back against the low stone wall of the churchyard; the shifting light through the leaves played over her; her eyes seemed to dance in consonance with that movement.

"Perhaps," he confessed.

The girl laughed again; one would have sworn there was joy in her voice. "You must have been much absorbed," she continued, "in the view!"

"It is very fine." He saw now very clearly the picture she made: the details of her dress, the slender figure, closely sheathed in a garb of blue lighter in shade than her eyes.

She put out her hand. "I am forgetting—you came down with my uncle, I suppose?" in a matter-of-fact tone. "A pleasure we hardly expected! Let me see. I haven't seen you since—ah, when was it?"

He told her. "Yes; I remember now. Wasn't that the day the Scotch bagpipes went by? You had business that called you away. Something very important, was it not? You were successful?"

"Quite."

"How oddly you say that!" she looked at him curiously. "But shall we walk on toward the house? I went down into town thinking to meet my uncle," she explained, "but as I had a few errands, on account of a children's fete we are planning, reached the tavern after he had gone."

"He went to a farm not far distant."

As he spoke, she stepped into the path leading from the churchyard; it was narrow and she walked before him.

"Yes, so the landlord said," she remarked without looking around. And then, irrelevantly, "The others went hunting. Are you a Nimrod, Mr. Steele?"

"Not a mighty one."

"Oh, you wouldn't have to be that—for rabbits!"

She shot a glance over her shoulder; her eyes were glad; but to the man they were bright merely with joy of youth that drops glances like sunshine for all alike. Perhaps he would have found pleasure in thinking she appeared gayer for sight of him; but if the thought came, bitterly, peremptorily it was dismissed. Sir Charles' words rang through his mind; Lord Ronsdale!—John Steele's hat shaded his eyes; he stopped to pick a small flower from the hedge. When he looked up he saw her face no longer; only the golden hair seemed to flash in his eyes, the beautiful bright meshes, and the light, slender figure, so graceful, so buoyant, so near he could almost touch it, but moving away, moving from him—

It may be, amid other thoughts, at that moment, he asked himself why he had come. What had driven him to this folly? Why was he stepping on blindly, oblivious of definite plan or policy, like a man walking in the dark? No, not in the dark; all was too bright. He could see but too plainly—her!—felt impelled to draw nearer—

But at that instant, she stepped quickly from the byway into the main road. "There it is," she said, pointing with a small white finger.

He held himself abruptly back. "What?" fell from her lips.

"The way in, of course," said the girl.

He moved now at her side; at the entrance, broad, imposing, she paused; a thousand perfumes seemed wafted from the garden; the rustling of myriad wings fell on the senses, like faint cadences of music. The girl made a courtesy; her red lips curved. "Welcome to Strathorn House, Mr. John Steele!" she said gaily.

Within the stately house, near a recessed window at the front, a man stood at that moment, reading a letter handed to him but a short time before. This document, though brief, was absorbing:

"Shall be down to see you soon. Am sending this by private messenger who may be trusted. Case coming on; links nearly all complete. Involve a new and bewildering possibility that I must impart to you personally. Have discovered the purpose of S.'s visit to the continent. It was—"

Lord Ronsdale perused the words more rapidly; paused, on his face an expression of eagerness, expectancy.

"So that was it," he said to himself slowly. "I might have known—"

Voices without caught his attention; he glanced quickly through the window. Jocelyn Wray and some one else had drawn near, were walking up the marble steps.

"John Steele!" He, Lord Ronsdale, crumpled the paper in his hand. "Here!"

CHAPTER X.

A few days passed; the usual round of pastimes inseparable from house parties served to while away the hours; other guests arrived, one or two went. Lord Ronsdale had greeted John Steele perfunctorily; the other's manner was likewise mechanically courteous. It could not very well have been otherwise; a number of people were near.

"Come down for a little sport?" the nobleman, his hands carelessly thrust into the pockets of his shooting trousers, had asked with a frosty smile.

"Perhaps—if there is any!" Steele allowed his glance for the fraction of a moment to linger on Lord Ronsdale's face.

"I'll answer for that." A slight pause ensued. "Decided rather suddenly to run down, didn't you?"

"Rather."

"Heard you were on the continent. From Sir Charles, don't you know. Pleasant time, I trust?" he drawled.

"Thank you!" John Steele did not answer directly. "Your solicitude," he laughed, "honors me—my lord!"

And that had been all, all the words spoken, at least. To the others there had been nothing beneath the surface between them; for the time the two men constituted but two figures in a social gathering.

A rainy spell put a stop to outdoor diversions; for 24 hours now the party had been thrown upon their own resources, to devise such indoor amusement as occurred to them. Strathorn House, however, was large; it had its concert stage, a modern innovation; its armory hall and its ball room. Pleasure seekers could and did find here ample facilities for entertaining themselves.

The second morning of the dark weather discovered two of the guests in the oak-paneled smoking room of Strathorn House. One of them brushed the ash from his cigar meditatively and then stretched himself more comfortably in the great leather chair.

"No fox hunt or fishing for any of us today," he remarked with a yawn.

The other, who had been gazing through a window at a prospect of dripping leaves and leaden sky, answered absently; then his attention centered itself on the small figure of a boy coming up through the avenue of trees toward a side entrance.

"Believe I shall run over to Germany very soon, Steele," went on the first speaker.

"Indeed?" John Steele's brows drew together; the appearance of the lad was vaguely familiar. He remembered him now, the hostler boy at the Golden Lion.

"Yes; capital case coming on in the criminal courts there."

"And you don't want to miss it, Forsythe?"

"Not I! Weakness of mine, as you know. Most people look to novels or plays for entertainment; I find mine in the real drama, unfolded every day in the courts of justice."

Forsythe paused as if waiting for some comment from his companion, but none came. John Steele watched the boy; he waved a paper in his hand and called with easy familiarity to a housemaid in an open window above:

"Telegram from London, Miss. My master at the Golden Lion said there'd be a sixpence here for delivering it!"

"Well, I'll be down in a moment, Impudence."

The silence that followed was again broken by Captain Forsythe's voice; "There are one or two features in this German affair that remind me of another case, some years back—one of our own—that interested me."

"Ah?" The listener's tone was only politely interrogatory.

"A case here in London—perhaps you have heard of it? The murder of a woman, once well-known before the foot-lights, by a one-time champion of the ring—the 'Frisco Pet, I think he was called."

The other moved slightly; his back had been toward Forsythe; he now half-turned. "Yes, I have heard of it," he said slowly, after a pause. "But why should this case across the water interest you; because it is like—this other one you mention?"

"Because I once puzzled a bit over that one; investigated it somewhat on my own account, don't you know."

"In what way?" Steele's manner was no longer indifferent. "I'm rather familiar with some of the details myself," he added.

"Then it attracted you, too, as an investigator?" murmured the captain in a gratified tone. "For your book, perhaps?"

"Not exactly. But you haven't yet told me," in a keen alert tone, "why you looked into it, 'on your own account.' It seems simple, obvious. Not of the kind that would attract one fond of nice criminal problems."

"That is just it," said Captain Forsythe rising. "It was, perhaps, a little too simple! too obvious."

"How," demanded John Steele, "can a matter of this sort be too obvious? But," bending his eyes on the other, "you attended the trial of this fellow?" His tone vibrated a little oddly.

"The last part of it; wasn't in England when it first came on; and what I heard of it raised some questions and doubts in my mind. Not that I haven't the greatest respect for English justice! However, I didn't think much more about the case until a good many months later, when chance alone drew my attention more closely to it."

"Chance?"

"Was down in the country—jolly good trout district—when one night, while riding my favorite hobby, I happened to get in this almost-forgotten case of the 'Frisco Pet. Whereupon the landlord of the inn where I put up, informed me that one of the villagers in this identical little town had been landlady at the place where the affair occurred."

"The woman who testified no one had been to her place that night except—" John Steele spoke sharply.

"This fellow? Quite so." Captain Forsythe walked up and down. "Now, I'd always had a little theory. Could never get out of my mind one sentence this poor, ignorant fellow uttered at the trial. 'Seems as if I could remember a man's face, a stranger's, that looked into mine that night, your lordship, but I ain't exactly cock-sure!' 'Ain't exactly cock-sure,'" repeated Captain Forsythe. "That's what caught me. Would a man, not telling the truth, be not quite 'cock-sure'; or would he testify to the face as a fact?" The other did not answer. "So the impression grew on me. Can you understand?"

"Hum! Very interesting, Forsythe; very ingenious; quite plausible!"

"Now you're laughing at me, Steele?"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow, go on."

"The landlady's testimony excluded the face, made it a figment of an imagination, disordered by drink!" Captain Forsythe waved his hand airily as he stepped back and forth.

"You went to see this woman?"

"Out of curiosity, and found she was, indeed, the same person. She seemed quite ill and feeble; I talked with her about an hour that day. Tried in every way to get her to remember she had possibly let in some other person that night, but—"

"But?"

"Bless you, she stuck to her story," laughed Captain Forsythe. "Couldn't move her an iota." One of the listener's arms fell to his side; his hand closed hard. "Quite bowled over my little theory, don't you know! Of course I told myself it didn't matter; the man convicted was gone, drowned. However,—" he broke off. A swish of silk was heard in the hallway; Forsythe stopped before the door.

"Ah, Miss Jocelyn! Haven't you a word in passing?"

She paused, looked in. Amid neutral shades the girl's slender figure shown most insistent; her gown, of a color between rose and pink, was warm-hued rather than bright, like the tints in an ancient embroidery. Around her neck gleamed a band of old cloth of silver but the warmth of tone did not cease at the argent edge, but leaped over to kiss the fair cheeks and soft, smiling lips. "Is this the way you men amuse yourselves?" she asked with a laugh. "Talking shop, no doubt?"

"Afraid we must plead guilty," said Captain Forsythe.

"And that is why," with a quick sidelong glance, drawing her skirts around her as she stood gracefully poised. "Mr. Steele appears so interested?"

"Interested?" The subject of her comment seemed to pull himself together with a start, regarded her. Was he, in the surprise of the moment, just in the least disconcerted by that bright presence, the beautiful clear eyes, straight, direct, though laughing? "Perhaps appearances are—" he found himself saying.

"Deceptive!" she completed lightly. "Well, if you weren't interested. Captain Forsythe was. He, I know, is quite incorrigible when you get him on his hobby.'

"Oh, I say, Miss Jocelyn!"

She came forward; light and brightness entered the room with her. "Quite!" The slender figure stood between the two men. "We expect any time he'll be looking around here next, to find something to investigate!"

"Here?" John Steele smiled. "What should he find here?"

"In sleepy Strathorn? True!"

A shrill whistle smote the air; Steele's glance turned to the window. The boy, having delivered his message, had left the door; with lips puckered to the loud and imperfect rendition of a popular street melody, he was making his way through the grounds. Involuntarily the man's look lingered on him. "A telegram from London? For whom?"

"I'm afraid it's hopeless, Captain Forsythe. Nothing ever happens at Strathorn." At the instant the girl's laughing voice seemed a little farther off. "If something only would—to help pass the time. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Steele?"

"I—" his glance returned to her quickly, "by all means!"

She looked at him; had she detected that momentary swerving from the serious consideration of her light words? Her own eyes turned to the window where they saw nothing but rain. She smiled vaguely, stood with her hands behind her; it was he now who regarded her, straight, slender, lithe. There was also something inflexible appearing in that young form, though so replete with grace and charm.

"To help pass the time!" John Steele laughed. "I—let us hope so."

There had been moments in the past when she had felt she could not quite understand him; they were moments like these when she seemed to become aware of something obscuring, falling before her—between them—that seemed to hold him aloof from her, from the others, to invest him almost with mystery. Mystery,—romantic idea! A slight laugh welled from the white throat. In these prosaic days!

"By the way, what particular case were you discussing when I happened by?"

"Nothing very new," answered the military man, "an old crime perpetrated by a fellow called the—"

"Beg pardon!" A footman stood in the doorway. "Sir Charles' compliments to the gentlemen, and will they be good enough to join him in armory hall?"

John Steele turned quickly to the servant, so quickly a close observer might have fancied he welcomed the interruption. "Captain Forsythe's and Mr. Steele's compliments to Sir Charles," he said at once, "and say it will give them pleasure to comply. That is," he added, bowing, "with your permission, Miss Wray."

She assented lightly; preceded by the girl, the two men left the room and mounted the broad stairway leading to the second story.

Armory hall was a large and lofty chamber with vaulted ceiling, that dated back almost to the early Norman period; its walls, decorated in geometrical designs, were covered with many varieties of antique weapons of warfare; halberd and mace gleamed and mingled with harquebus, poleax or lance. At one end of the hall were ranged in a row suits of armor which at first glance looked like real knights, drawn up in company front; then the empty helmets dawned on the beholder, transforming them into mere vacuous relics.

As Steele and his companion together with Jocelyn Wray entered, sounds of merriment and applause greeted her ear; two men in fencing array who had apparently just ended a match were the center of an animated company.

"A little contest with the foils! A fencing bout! Good!" exclaimed Forsythe.

Jocelyn Wray walked over to the group and Forsythe followed.

"Bravo, Ronsdale!" A number of people applauded.

"He has won. Now the reward! What is it to be?"

"Not so fast! Here are others."

"True!" Ronsdale looked around with his cold smile; his glance vaguely included John Steele and Captain Forsythe.

"Count me out!" laughed the latter. "Not in my line, don't you know, since I joined the retired list!"

"However, there's Steele," Sir Charles, pipe in hand, remarked.

Ronsdale had stepped to the girl's side; his eyes, regarding her in the least degree too steadily, shone with a warmer gleam. She appeared either not to notice, or to mind; with look unreservedly bright, she smiled back at him; then her gaze met John Steele's.

"Do you use the foils, Mr. Steele?"

He moved forward; Lord Ronsdale stood near her, bending over with a slightly proprietary air.

"I—" Steele Looked at them, at the girl's questioning eyes. "Only a little!"

"Then you must try conclusions with Lord Ronsdale!" called out Sir Charles. "As victor over the rest he must meet all comers."

A light swept John Steele's face; perhaps the situation appealed to a certain sense of humor; he hesitated.

"Nothing to be put out by, being beaten by Ronsdale," interposed an observer. "Had the reputation of being one of the best swordsmen on the continent; has ever had, I believe," with a laugh, "one or two little affairs of honor."

"Honor!" Steele's glance swung around, played brightly on the nobleman.

The latter's face remained impassive; he lifted his foil carelessly and swung it; the hiss that followed might have been construed as a challenge. John Steele tossed aside his coat.

(To Be Continued.)

Authoress Now Appears in Vaudeville

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

LOOKING as young and charming as one of the b-e-y-u-tiful heroines of her "70 novels and 80 plays," to quote the veracious press agent, Laura Jean Libbey discourses twice a day to the patrons of the American Roof Garden in New York on "Love."

"What is love that all the world
Talks so much about it?
What is love, that neither you
Nor I could do without it?"

she asked. Maidens lovelorn and all forlorn who for full ten years—Laura Jean Libbey began writing at 14—have been existing on the thrills and throbs of the author's love stories, sighed and clasped their hands in admiration, while the masculine portion of the audience leaned back and looked toward that part of the hall to which the youthful ushers refer during the intermission as "Promenade and cafe to the left."

Laura Jean expressed the view that American girls were too shy, and advised them to take a lesson from the Merry Widow's book. "A widow does not give her admirers time to calculate," she continued. "She's more apt to say, 'Are you thinking something sweet about me?'"

The coy way in which this was said, with the shy glance from under a pretty white bonnet with broad tulle bow, made the men sit up and take notice. "Modesty in a pretty young girl is the rose bloom that jewels existence. But there are occasions—a psychological moment—when you must help your own cause," was another of the pearls of wisdom which the gifted author laid before her audience, and she recalled Priscilla's advice to John Alden as a sample.

"Wedded bliss is the sweetest, tenderest in the world 'when the hearts are truly mated,'" sighed the monologist, and there was an answering sigh from the audience.

Advice to widowers was also dispensed, but with a caution. "I believe good men who have shown true appreciation of wedded life can love again, as the tree buds and blossoms a second time. I don't believe in rapid fire remarrying, like the man over in Brooklyn who wedded when his wife was dead only a week. I asked him why he did that. He answered: 'Well, isn't she as dead in a week as she would be in a year?'"

But the real thrill came when at the end of her monologue, Miss Libbey announced that she would recite—not sing—the words of a song which she had composed, entitled: Lovers Once but Strangers Now. The first verse passed off quietly enough. The chorus, however, was rendered with such pathos and feeling that the man at the bass viol, who had evidently lately been in the orchestra of a melodrama house, straightened up and drew his bow to produce the "soft and low" until his neighbor restrained his arm, as the author recited the verse:

"Lovers once but strangers now
Tho' pledged with many a tender vow,
Still I'd give this world to be
All that I was once—to thee!"

HE HOES CORN, WIFE SHOPS AND INCUBATOR DOES WORK

Westerly, Rhode Island.—A drummer who invaded the rural districts here a few days ago with the latest brand of fireless cookers for economy and comfort of the overworked farmer's wife, has left town disgusted, with not a sale to his credit. He found the natives equipped with cookers which, they assert, are far ahead of the so-called up-to-date ones.

Walter Russell Bos, a farmer on the post road, is the Moses of the kitchen. A few weeks ago his wife went to town to spend the day. Walter foraged his own breakfast and enough for the help. It was Saturday and his wife had left instructions to put the big pot of beans in early and let them bake all day. Walter had some hoeing to do and figured he couldn't waste a day indoors and he cudgled his Yankee brain for an idea.

It Cooks the Beans.

It came.

He took the pot of beans with the big chunk of pork floating on top, out into the bedroom, where the incubator stood. Turning up the lamp he took off the weight on the thermostat and shoved in the pot of beans. Shouldering his hoe he set out for the field.

When his wife returned from town she found the fire out in the kitchen stove and no beans in sight. She prepared a cold supper and a warm welcome for Walter.

Walter hastened to the bedroom with his scolding wife trailing. From the incubator he took a steaming pot of beans, brown and aromatic and done to a turn. Afterward he took out a dozen chickens which the extreme heat had hatched and subsequently well baked. Walter said the discovery of the usefulness of the incubator more than repaid for the loss of the fowls. The news of this experiment has spread until all the farmers' wives now do their week end baking in incubators.

NEW RULERS OF ZETA

PRINCESS MILENA & PRINCE NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO

Princess Milena, of Montenegro, will become Queen of Zeta—a title that of itself suggests romance—when her husband, Prince Nicholas, will assume the status and title of king, August 15. On this jubilee occasion Montenegro will follow Servia and Bulgaria into the circle of European kingdoms and the name of the old principality of the Black Mountain will be changed at the same time to the ancient name of the country—Zeta.

The new queen was born at Cevo in 1867 and is the mother of nine children—three sons and six daughters. One of her daughters is the queen of Italy, two others have married Russian grand dukes, and another is the wife of Prince Francis Joseph, of Battenberg. The two youngest are unmarried.

On becoming queen her majesty will remodel the court at Cettinge on the lines of the court at Vienna, where a more elaborate and complicated system of etiquette prevails than in any other European country except Spain.

Among the new king's orders are the Black Eagle and the St. Andrew of Russia. In honor of his accession to the throne he will establish a special order of knighthood.

Twilight.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window seat
I leaned my book against the misty pane
And spelled the last enchanting lines again,
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.
But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem;
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of age, O manifold
And royal harvest of the common years,
There are in all thy treasure house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope.
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in the lingering rays.
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower,
So, in the emerald after-sunset hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees
Appear an infinite Hesperides.
Aye, as at dark we sit with folded hands,
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands
We wander while the undying memories throng?

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

—A. Mary F. Robinson.

Wasted Eloquence.

Col. Franklin Pierce Morgan of Washington and New York never made but one great speech, and the story of it is pathetic. His audience was Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States, and his purpose was to secure a pardon for a murderer named O'Neil, in whom the colonel had become interested.

"I'll never forget that day,' said the colonel in telling about the incident. "I had told Dan Lamont the day before that I intended to ask Cleveland to pardon O'Neil, who was a creature of the dark places at times, but a pretty good fellow at that. Cleveland had taken the precaution to send to the department of justice and get the papers in the case.

"I got up early the next morning, had a massage, and was feeling tiptop. I got in to see Cleveland and I spoke twenty minutes. Never in my life, before or since, have I been as eloquent as I was, pleading for that fellow O'Neil. The end of every sentence I uttered brushed the edges off a cloud. I concluded my argument, confident that I had swept the President off his feet.

"'Mr. Morgan,' he said, 'is that all you have to say on behalf of your friend?'

"'Mind you, he said 'friend.'

"'Yes, Mr. President,' I said; 'I think that's all.'

"'Mr. Morgan,' he replied, 'never as long as I am in the white house shall that consummate scoundrel—consummate scoundrel, mark you—get out of the penitentiary.'

"What's the use of eloquence, anyhow?" concluded the colonel.—Popular Magazine.

The Fashionable Convent.

Emily J. Putnam in August Atlantic.

Among the Saxons on the continent the aristocratic tone of the convent was fully as marked. Whole families of royal princesses took the veil, rather gaining the world than losing it by the step. As in England, the abbess was virtually a baron. She was overlord often of an immense property, holding directly from the king. Like a baron, she had the right of ban, she sent her contingent of armed knights into the field, she issued the summons to her own courts, she was summoned to the relchstag, and in some instances she struck her own coins. The abbess was in close relations with the court and imperial politics. Matilda, Abbess of Quedlinburg, was twice regent for her nephew, Otto III, dealt strongly in that capacity with the invading Wends, and summoned a diet on her own authority.

Under the presidency of great ladies of this type, the abbeys everywhere before the twelfth century were centers where the daughters of nobles might live a pleasant life and receive such education as the time afforded. The early nun was not even in form what we commonly think of by that name. She was not always bound by vows, nor distinguished by her habit, nor even required to live in a particular place.

The Goose Girl

by Harold MacGrath

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CHAPTER XXII.

The king of Jugendheit, Prince Ludwig, and the chancellor sat in the form of a triangle. Herbeck was making a pyramid of his finger tips, sometimes touching his chin with his thumbs. His face was cheerful. His royal highness, still in the guise of a mountaineer, sat stiffly in his chair, the expression on his face hardly translatable; that on the kng's not at all. He was dressed in the brilliant uniform of a colonel in the Prussian Uhlans, an honor conferred upon him recently by King William. Prior to his advent into the Grand Duchy of Ehrenstein he had been to Berlin. A whim, for which he was now grateful, had cozened him into carrying this uniform along with him on his adventures. It was only after he met Gretchen that there came moments when he forgot he was a king. He was pale. From hour to hour his heart seemed to grow colder and smaller and harder, till it now rested in his breast with the heaviness of a stone, out of which life and the care of living had been squeezed. He rarely spoke, leaving the burden of the conversation to rest upon his uncle's tongue.

"So your royal highness will understand," said Herbeck, "that it was the simplest move I could make, and the safest. Were it known, or had it been known this morning, that the king of Jugendheit and the prince regent had entered Dreiberg in disguise and had been lodged in the Stein-schloss, there would have been a serious riot in the city. So I had you arrested as spies. Presently a closed carriage will convey you to the frontier, and the unfortunate incident will be ended."

"Thanks!" said Prince Ludwig.

"And when you cross the frontier, it would be wise to disperse the troops waiting there for you."

Prince Ludwig smiled. "It was only an army of defense. The duke had nearly 20,000 men at the maneuvers. I have no desire for war; but, on the other hand, I am always ready for it."

"There will never be any war between us," prophetically. "The duke grows impatient at times, but I can always rouse his sense of justice. You will, of course, pardon the move I made. There will be no publicity. There will be no newspaper notoriety, for the journalists will know nothing of what has really happened."

"For that consideration your excellency has my deepest thanks," replied Prince Ludwig.

"I thought it best to let you go without seeing the duke. The meeting between you two might be painful."

"That also is thoughtful of your excellency," said the king. "I have no desire to see or speak to his highness."

"There is, however, one favor I should like to ask," said the prince.

"Can I grant it?"

"Easily. I wish to leave a sum of money in trust, to be paid to one Gretchen Schwarz, who lives in the Krumerweg. She is ambitious to become a singer. Let nothing stand between her and her desires."

"Granted."

The heart of the king, at the sound of that dear name, suddenly expanded and stifled him. The stiffness went out of his shoulders.

"Ah, this little world of ours, the mistakes and futile schemes we make upon it!" The chancellor dallied with his quill pen. "It was a cynical move of fate that your majesty should see the goose-girl first!"

"Enough!" cried the king vehemently. "Let us have no more retrospection, if you please. Moreover, I shall be obliged to you if you will summon at once the carriage which is to take us to the frontier. The situation has been amicably and satisfactorily explained. I see no reason

NEARING THE 1,000-FOOT SHIP

IT took nearly half a century for the shipbuilders to exceed the dimensions of the Great Eastern. That unprofitable embodiment of the hope and ambition of men of ideas beyond their times failed in speed and in convenience and economy of operation, but in mere bulk the giant of the middle of the last century would rank well up among the big ships of today.

For not only years, but decades, the evolution of practical and successful ships was slow, in the direction of Great Eastern-like length and beam and depth. Indeed, it was not until the Mauretania and the Lusitania came out, in 1906, that any ocean liner surpassed the 80-foot breadth of the Great Eastern. Vessels as new and large as the famous Deutschland and the Kronprinz Wilhelm, the Campania and the Teutonic, fell far short of the 27,000 tons displacement which measured the weight of the wonderful old transatlantic cable-laying steamer.

But in the last few years the march toward the 1,000 foot ship has been going on faster than ever before. That enormous length begins to look near, with corresponding breadth of beam, depth and weight. In speed there is no present menace to the supremacy of the present champions of the seas, the Mauretania and her mate, the Lusitania.

The White Star Co. is building, in the Belfast, Ireland, yards of the great Harland & Wolff Co., two vast ships, the Olympic and the Titanic, which are to be 850 feet long, or 60 feet more than the length of the Cunard racers which now lead the world in size. The gross tonnage of each of the White Star monsters is to be 45,000 tons against 32,500 tons for the Mauretania and the Lusitania. But in engine power the new White Star steamships will fall far short of the present champions.

They are to be wider, heavier, of much greater capacity for cargoes. They should be steadier in storms and more commodious for passengers, but they will not come anywhere near the speed of the Mauretania and her mate. The displacement of the Titanic and Olympic has not been definitely determined, but it can hardly fall to double the 27,000 tons of the Great Eastern.

And now it appears that after repeated changes in the plans of the company, the record-breaking steamer which is already begun for the Hamburg-American line will be no less than 879 feet long, of 95 feet beam and 64 feet depth. These dimensions exceed those of the Mauretania and the Lusitania by 89 feet in length, 7 feet in breadth and a little less than 4 feet in depth.

In speed this biggest of all ships will not have a chance to capture the highest honors of the seas for the German flag. Turbine engines of moderate power, for so vast a vessel, will give a sustained pace of 22 knots an hour, or more than 25 statute miles such as are used on land. The champion flyers of the Cunard fleet have averaged about 4 miles an hour more than that, from port to port.

But a ship of 879 feet is getting up close to the 1,000 limit which some ventured to predict, many years ago, as a possibility of the present century. It will require only two more steps forward such as have been taken by the White Star and Hamburg-American companies to reach that enormous length, with corresponding breadth of beam and depth. Then the world will see a ship of about 100 feet beam, or perhaps 110 feet, and not less than 75 feet depth. Such a vessel may measure 60,000 tons, gross, and its displacement of water, ready for sea, will probably be not less than 80,000 or 85,000 tons.

Such a ship should be the steadiest vessel in storms that ever went to sea. Its enormous bulk and weight ought to defy ordinary waves and minimize the force and effect of the most terrific masses of water that hurricanes set in motion. The effect should resemble the storm-defying mass of a big iceberg.

Meanwhile, the great lakes are not so far behind ocean limits as might be supposed. In length the difference is not great. The biggest lake steamships are 600 feet from stem to stern, the longest steamers now in service on the Atlantic exceeding them only about 32 per cent. In beam the same proportion holds good, speaking roundly, but in depth, of course, the shallowness of lake channels forces builders to stop far short of the limits reached on the oceans.

Relatively to their dimensions, the largest lake steamships much exceed the greatest salt water ships in cargo capacity. On the other hand, they fall far short of them in speed. The giants of the Atlantic carry many passengers. The greatest vessels on the lakes are built and equipped strictly for freight.

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why we should be detained any longer."

"Nor I," added Prince Ludwig. "I am rather weary of these tatters. I should even like a bath."

The three of them were immediately attracted by a singular noise outside in the corridor. The door swung in violently, crashing against the wall and shivering into atoms the Venetian mirror. The king, the prince, and the chancellor were instantly upon their feet. The king clutched the back of his chair with a grip of iron: Gretchen? Her highness? What was Gretchen doing here? Ah, could he have flown! He muttered a curse at the chancellor for the delay. But happily Gretchen did not see him.

The duke came in first, and he waited till the others were inside; then he shut the door with lesser violence and rushed over to the chancellor.

"Herbeck, you villain!"

The chancellor stared at the gipsy, at Von Arnsberg, at Grumbach.

"Herbeck, you black scoundrel!" cried the duke. "Can you realize how difficult it is not to take you by the throat and strangle you here and now?"

"He is mad!" said Herbeck, bracing himself against the desk.

"Yes, I am mad, but it is the same madness of a terribly wronged man. Come here, you gipsy!" The duke seized Herbeck's hand and pressed it down fiercely on the desk. "Look at that and tell me if it is not the hand of a Judas!"

"That is the hand, Highness," said the gipsy, without hesitation.

The duke flung the hand aside. As he did so something snapped in Herbeck's brain, though at that instant he was not conscious of it.

"It was you, you! It was your hand that wrecked my life, yours! Ah, is there such villany? Are such men born and do they live? My wife dead, my own heart broken, Arnsberg ruined and disgraced! And these two children: which is mine?"

To the king of Jugendheit the ceiling reeled and the floor revolved under his feet.

"Villain, what have you to say? What was your purpose?"

How many years, thought Herbeck, had he been steeling his heart against this very scene? Futile dream! He drew himself together with a supreme effort. He would face this hour as he had always planned to face it. Found out! He looked at his finger, touched it with an impersonal curiosity. He had forgotten all about such a possibility. Where had he read that there is no crime but leaves some evidence, infinitesimmally small though it be which shall lead to the truth? After all, he was glad. The strain, borne so long, was gradually killing him. A little finger, to have stopped the wheel of so great a scheme! Irony!

"Your Highnes," he said, his voice soft and strangely clear, "I have been waiting for this hour. So I am found out! How little we now what God intends!"

"You speak of God! You blasphemer!"

"Bear with me for a space. I shall not hold you long."

"But why? What have I done to you that you should wreck all I hold dear?"

"For you I have always had a strong affection, strange as it may sound." Herbeck fumbled with his collar, which was tightening round his throat like a band of hot iron. "I have practically governed this country for 16 years. In that time I have made it prosperous and happy; I have made you an army; I have brought peace when you would have brought war. To my people God will witness that I have done my duty as I saw it. One day I fell the victim of a mad dream. And to think that I almost won!"

"And I?" said Hildegrade, her hands clenched and pressed against her bosom. "What have you done to me, who am innocent of any wrong? What have you done to me?"

"You, my child? I have wronged you greatest of all. The wrong I have done to you is irreparable. Ah, have not my arms hungered for the touch of you, my heart ached for the longing of you? To see you day after day, always humble before you, always glad to kiss the back of your hand! Have I not lived in hell, your Highness?" turning to the duke.

"What am I, and who am I?" whispered Hildegrade, her heart almost ceasing to beat.

"I am your father!" simply.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Happiness.

The grand duke Ehrenstein beheld the chancellor with that phase of astonishment which leaves the mind unclouded. The violent storm in his heart gave way to a calm, not at all menacing, but tinctured with a profound pity. What a project! What a mind to conceive it, to perfect it down to so small a detail as a jeweler's mark in the gold of the locket! And a little finger to betray it! In a flash he saw vividly all this man had undergone, day by day, unfaltering, unhesitant, forgetting nothing, remembering everything but the one insignificant item which was to overthrow him. He felt that he was confronted with a great problem; what to do with the man?

Prince Ludwig took off his hat. "Herbeck, you are a great politician."

"No, prince," replied Herbeck, with ineffable sadness. "Had I been a great politician I should have succeeded. Ah, give this to my merit; self never entered into this dream. For you, my child, only for you. And so great was this dream that I almost made you a queen! You are my flesh and blood, the child of my wife, whom I loved. She was only a singer in the opera, at Dresden, but her soul was great, like yours. It is a simple story."

Hildegarde did not move, nor had she moved since the revelation. Carmichael, a secret joy in his heart, watched the girl for the slightest swaying, that inevitable prelude to fainting. But Hildegarde was not the kind of a woman who faints in the face of catastrophe, however great it might be. The only sign of life lay in her beautiful eyes, the gaze of which remained unswervingly fixed upon the chancellor's ashen countenance.

"Hildegarde," said the duke, "you shall become my daughter, and you shall dwell here till the end of your days. I will try to right the wrong that has been done to you."

"No, your Highness," she replied. "There is but one place for me, and that is at my father's side." And resolutely she walked to the chancellor's left and her hand stole down and met his firmly. "My father, I forgive you," she said, with quiet dignity.

"They are all wrong, Frederick," whispered Prince Ludwig. "She is as much a princess as the other."

"You forgive me?" The chancellor could not believe his ears.

"Yes, father."

Then, recalling all the child-hunger in his arms and heart, he swept her to his breast covulsively; and the unloosed tears dropped upon her bright head.

"And who am I?" said Gretchen.

"Breunner, you say this little goose-girl is my daughter?"

"I solemnly swear it, Highness. Look into her face again carefully."

The duke did so, a hand on either cheek. He scrutinized every contour, the color of the eyes, the low, broad brow, the curve of the chin. Out of the past he conjured up the mother's face. Yes, beyond any doubt, there was a haunting likeness, and he had never noted it before.

"But who will prove it to the world?" he cried hopelessly, still holding Gretchen's wondering face between his hands.

"I shall prove it," said the king.

"You? And how?"

"I shall marry Gretchen; I shall make her a queen. That will be proof enough."

"A fine stroke, nephew; a bold stroke!" Prince Ludwig laid his hand upon the king's shoulder with rare affection.

"If you accept her without further proof, I, her father, can do no less." And the duke kissed Gretchen on the forehead and led her over to the king, gravely joining their hands.

"Gretchen!" murmured the king.

"I do not know how to act like a princess."

"I shall teach you."

Gretchen laid her head on his breast. She was very tired and much bewildered.

The duke paced the length of the cabinet several times. No one interrupted his meditation. Back and forth, one hand hanging to the opposite shoulder, the other folding over his chin. Then he paused with abruptness.

"Your Majesty, I regret that your father is not alive to accept my apologies for so baselessly misjudging him. Arnsberg, nothing that I can do will restore these wasted years. But I offer you the portfolio."

"I am only a broken man, your Highness; too old."

"It is my will."

Arnsberg bent his head in submission.

"As for you," said the duke to the Gipsy, "go, and if you ever step this side the frontier again you will be shot out of hand." He stopped again in front of Grumbach. "I promise to have you shot in the morning. That promise holds. But a train leaves for Paris a little after midnight. My advice is for you not to miss it."

"And my father, your Highness?" said Hildegarde bravely.

"Herbeck, your estates are confiscated, your name is struck from the civic and military lists. Have you any ready funds?"

"A little, your Highness."

"Enough to take you for ever out of this part of the world?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"You do not ask to be forgiven, and I like that. I have judges in Dreiberg. I could have you tried and condemned for high treason, shot or imprisoned for life. But tonight I shall not use this prerogative. You have, perhaps, three hours to get your things in order. Tomorrow you will be judged and condemned. But you Hildegarde—"

"No, your Highness; we shall both take the train for Paris. Gretchen, you will be happy."

Gretchen ran and flung herself into Hildegarde's arms; and the two of them wept. Hildegarde pushed Gretchen away gently.

"Come, father, we have so little time."

And this was the sum of the duke's revenge.

It never took Carmichael long to make up his mind definitely. He found his old friend the cabman in the Platz and they drove like mad to the consulate. An hour here sufficed to close his diplomatic career and seal it hermetically. The clerk, however, would go on like Tennyson's brook, for ever and for ever. Next he went to the residence of his banker in the Konig Strasse and got together all his available funds. Eleven o'clock found him in his rooms at the Grand hotel, feverishly packing his trunk and bag. Paris! He would go, also, even if they passed on to the remote ends of the world.

The train stood waiting in the gloomy Bahnhof. The guards patrolled the platform. Presently three men came out of the station door. Two were officers; the third, Colonel von Wallenstein was in civilian dress. He was sullen and depressed.

Said one of the officers: "And it is the express command of General Duowitz that you will return here under the pain of death. Is that explicit?"

"It is." The colonel got into his compartment and slammed the door viciously.

In the next compartment sat Grumbach. He was smoking his faithful pipe. He was, withal, content. This was far more satisfactory than standing up before the firing-line. And, besides, he had made history in Ehrenstein that night; they would not forget the name of Breunner right away. To America, with a clean slate and a reposeful conscience; it was more than he had any reasonable right to expect. Tekla! He laughed sardonically. She was no doubt sound asleep by this time, and the end of the chapter would never be written for her. What fools these young men a-courting were! War and famine and pestilence; did these not always follow at the heels of women?

As the station-master's bell rang, the door opened and a man jumped in. He tossed his bag into the corner and plumped down in the seat.

"Captain?"

"You, Hans?"

"Yes, Where are you going?"

"I am weary of Dreiberg, so I am taking a little vacation."

"For how long?" suspiciously.

"Oh, for ever so long!" evasively. And Carmichael lifted his feet to the opposite seat and prepared to go to sleep.

Hans said nothing more. He was full of wisdom. He had an idea. The fleeing chancellor and his daughter were in the train, and he was certain that his friend Carmichael knew it.

The lights of the city presently vanished, and the long journey began, through the great clefts in the mountains, over gorges, across rivers, along wide valleys and into the mountains again; a journey of nearly 70 hours. At each stop Carmichael got out, and every time he returned Hans could read disappointment on his face. Still he said nothing. He was an admirable comrade.

By the aid of certain small briberies on the train and in Paris Carmichael gathered, bit by bit, that the destination of the woman he loved was America. But never did he set eyes upon her till she and her father mounted the gang-plank to the vessel which was to carry them across the wide Atlantic. The change in Herbeck was pitiable. His face had aged 20 years in these 60 odd hours. His clothes, the same he had worn that ever-memorable night, hung loosely about his gaunt frame, and there was a vacancy in his eyes which was eloquent of mental collapse. The girl quietly and tenderly guided him to the deck and thence to his stateroom. Carmichael abided his time.

A French newspaper contained a full account of Herbeck's coup and his subsequent flight. It also recounted the excitement of the following day, the appearance of Gretchen on the steps of the palace, and the great shouting of the people as they acclaimed her the queen of Jugendheit.

The second day out Carmichael's first opportunity came. He discovered Herbeck and his daughter leaning against the rail. He watched them uneasily, wondering how he might approach without startling her. At last he keyed up his courage.

"Good morning, your Highness," he stammered, and inwardly cursed his stupidity.

At the sound of his voice she turned, and there was no mistaking the gladness in her eyes.

"Mr. Carmichael?"

"Yes. I was surprised to learn that you were taking the same boat as myself."

How clumsy he was! she thought. For she had known his every move since the train drew out of Dreiberg.

"Father, here is our friend, Herr Carmichael."

"Carmichael?" said Herbeck slowly. "Ah, yes. Good morning."

And Carmichael instantly comprehended that his name recalled nothing to the other man's remembrance.

"You are returning to America?" she asked.

"For good, perhaps. To tell the truth, I ran away, deserted my post, though technically I have already resigned. But America has been calling me for some days. You have never been to sea before?"

"No; it is all marvelous and strange to me."

"Let us walk, my child," said Herbeck.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Carmichael?" she said. Never more the rides in the fair mornings. Never more the beautiful gardens, the music, the galloping of soldiers who drew their sabres when they passed her. Never more any of these things.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he said, in an undertone.

"No," sadly.

The days, more or less monotonous, went past. Sometimes he saw her alone on deck, but only for a little while. Her father was slowly improving, but with this improvement came the natural desire for seclusion; so he came on deck only at night.

The night on which the vessel bore into the moist, warm air of the Gulf Stream was full of moonshine, of smooth, phosphorescent billows. Herbeck had gone below. The girl leaned over the rail, alone and lonely. And Carmichael, seeing her, could no longer still the desire in his heart. He came up to her.

"See!" she exclaimed, pointing to the little eddies of foam speeding along the hull. "Do you know what they remind me of? Mermaids' fingers, grasping and clutching at the boat as if to drag it down below."

"How beautiful she was with the frost of moonlight on her hair!

"You must not talk like that," he admonished.

"I am very unhappy."

"And when you say that you make me so, too."

"Why?" She had spoken the word at last.

"Do you remember the night you dropped your fan?" leaning so closely toward her that his arm pressed against hers.

"I remember."

"You put that word then. In honor I dared not answer. You were a princess! I was only a soldier of fortune. But now that you are in trouble, now that you have need of me, I may answer. I may tell you now why, why I have thrown ambition and future to the winds, why I am here at your side tonight. Need I tell you? Do you not know, and have you not known? Am I cruel to speak of love in the moment of your great affliction? Well, I must be cruel. I love you! Faithfully and loyally, now and hereafter, through this sad day into happier ones. I ask nothing for this love I offer; I ask only that I may use it in your service, in good times or bad."

"Ask what you will," she whispered. "I am happy now."

THE END.

Founds a Society of Good Cheer

MISS THEORA CARTER.

It was while she lay for weeks in a Chicago hospital slowly recovering from the ravages of pneumonia, that Miss Theora Carter, almost a stranger in that great city, came to know the dreadful ennui of convalescence, and it came to her that there were thousands in hospitals all over the land who must suffer in that period just as she did.

That is how the "Good Cheer Society" sprung to life, says Human Life. When Miss Carter recovered she returned to New York, then her home, and began to talk her plan for a Society of Good Cheer and Comfort to her wealthy and influential friends.

Humanity is, after all, quickly responsive to ideas of help that are practical, and Miss Carter's plan "took hold." With an enthusiastic band of her friends to second her efforts, the "Good Cheer Society" was organized, and in September, 1909, not long after Miss Carter's return from Chicago, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, with Miss Carter as president, Amelia Morrison as vice-president, and Margaret Ellen Ward as secretary.

Sixty was to have been the charter membership, but so much did the plan appeal to those who had heard of it and who had means and time to devote to the objects of the association, that this number was extended to one hundred.

"Kindliness, companionship and sunshine are more to a sick man or woman than all the money in the world," Miss Carter said, in explaining the aims of the society, "and our members must be women who can give these out of a heart truly overflowing. They visit the sick—the least of these'—taking flowers or books or something of like nature to brighten their days, and more than this they read and talk to the patients whose names have been given them by the secretary."

Though the society has been in existence only a few months, it has proven so true to a need long unfulfilled that Miss Carter has now left the detail work to the other officers, and is engaged in organizing branches in Chicago, Washington, Seattle—her present home—and other large cities.

The work has grown to such large proportions in New York that the society has made tentative plans for a permanent home, and architect's sketches have been prepared for a twenty-eight story building which is expected to cost $3,000,000.

A Limited Collection.

They tell in London a story of an elderly American lady who, while sight-seeing visited Westminster Abbey. After going about for some time with an air of eager curiosity, she approached a verger. "I wonder if you can help me," she asked, hopefully. "I am looking for the grave of King Edward II."

"Sorry, ma'am," said the verger, apologetically, "but we 'aven't got Edward II."

"But," protested the visitor, "I understood that the Abbey was the burial place of kings."

"So it is, ma'am, in a way," returned the verger, "but we only 'ave the odd numbers 'ere."

AGENTS

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The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Somebody please tell me how to keep off the green cabbage worns.—A. Redding, Iowa.

The eyes of my young chicks close. They do not look sore. I can open them with water or grease, but when I find them again they are closed. Some of them recover, but more of them die. I would like to know what is the matter.—D., Reading, Mich.

I have a cow with stoppage in one of her teats since her calf came in May. The udder is not caked. Have tried massage, but cannot get the milk through. Will somebody tell me of a way to save the teat?—W., Verdon, Minn.

We have several pear trees that are diseased. We have lost one nice tree. Will some one tell us what to do?—L., Elizabethton, Tenn.

Who will tell me how to kill the old-fashioned potato bugs, the kind with wings? I have a field of about 13 acres and they are about ready to take it. Is there a spray that I can use effectively?—P., Roam, Ind.

CAKED UDDER

If S., Hilleman, Ark., will turn the sow with a caked udder into a pasture where there is a mudhole, with shade over it, the mud will do the rest. The cool mud draws out the fever and the cake subsides, the appetite returns and all comes right. I have learned this from experience.—F., Adrian, Mo.

POISON IVY

B., Morrisville, Vt.: Use plenty of salt or brine on the poison ivy on your farm and you will soon be rid of it. It will kill. I have tried this.—P., Laddsdale, Iowa.

POULTRY YARD NEWS

March Farm Journal.

Do you keep your chickens, or do they keep you?

Good warm wheat makes a nice breakfast for biddies.

Skim milk is thin looking stuff, but it may be put to good use in the poultry yard.

A little more clean litter on the floors. Keep the fowls hard at work. It is the price of health.

In poultry raising the breed is important, but the man or woman behind the breed is more so.

Chickens that lay around almost anywhere sometimes are merely emulating their betters.

The man who keeps hens is not so much of a philosopher as the man who has the hens keep him.

For hatching purposes take the eggs from the hens that lay best. Build up; never let the standard down.

A shelf, a couple of feet below the roosts, is handy to catch the droppings, and handy to clean. And don't forget to clean it.

Excelsior always seemed to me rather cold stuff to make nests of. Good fine, clean out straw is about the best of anything that we ever tried.

As a rule, eggs from two-year-old hens give better satisfaction at this time of the year than do when from younger stock, and the chicks are more vigorous.

The eggs of hens that did heavy laying during the winter are not so apt to be as strongly fertilized, as eggs from hens that made but a fair showing.

The last egg laid before a hen goes to sitting will often be so small that it will have no yolk at all. There is an old notion that it is bad luck to bring these small eggs in the house.

A nest that suits the turkey hen first-rate may be made by turning a salt barrel on the side. Put straw in the hollow, and a nest egg, and cover the barrel over with brush, if you have it handy.

One of my neighbors says that there's no money in poultry, and that the easiest way to get eggs is to buy them. He says that he keeps chickens to eat the bugs in his orchard; pays 'em a cent a bug.

Is there a place under some old building where you can spade up the earth and give it to the hens to work at? They will dig away hard to find the worms that may be in it. Nothing will do them more good.

When a hen lays now and then, and not soon again, and you can't decide whether she hadn't better quit altogether, I'll tell you what to do: Why, just ax her to, and neither in box nor in keg will these ever lay another egg.

March settings should not contain more than 11 eggs, for when a larger number is given the hen cannot sufficiently cover them to impart the necessary warmth. When too many eggs are placed in the nest, those on the outer edge are not apt to get the amount of heat required to develop the germ and bring forth the chick.

PINTSCH OIL FOR GOPHERS

In Colorado prairie dogs have been destroyed with bisulphide of carbon gas in a manner similar to the experiment tried in Minnesota at university farm on pocket gophers. Recently the Colorado station has tried, with wonderful success, Pintsch oil—a by-product of the Pintsch gas used for lighting trains. It has been used in the same manner as bisulphide of carbon is used, with equally fatal results on the prairie dog. It is assumed in Minnesota that if Pintsch oil fumigation is destructive of prairie dog life in Colorado it ought to be equally so in Minnesota with pocket gophers, and the Minnesota experiment station probably will experiment with it. This oil is only half as expensive as bisulphide of carbon, according to the Colorado report, and can be procured at railroad centers where there is a Pintsch gas factory. Only half as much of it is required to kill a prairie dog in his burrow as of bisulphide.

BIRDS OF CALIFORNIA AND THE FRUIT INDUSTRY

The department, having concluded its investigations as to the harmful or beneficial effect of California birds upon the fruit industry of that state, has issued the second and final part of its report in bulletin No. 34 of the biological survey. Seventy species of the feathered denizens, among them some of the most important birds of the state, from the farmers' and fruit growers' standpoint, were systematically investigated. It is true that many of them have not been chared with the destruction or injury of fruit or any other farm product, but as almost all destroy great numbers of harmful insects or devour seeds of noxious weeds, they are important as a factor in farm economics, and the aim has been to collect all data possible on the food of the several species, so that a just verdict might be rendered as to the birds' economic relations.

Few birds are always and everywhere destructive that their extermination can be urged on sound economic principles; some, like the swallows, swifts, wrens and chickadees, are so strictly insectivorous that they are exceedingly beneficial, while others may injure crops at certain times of the year, but the loss is exceedingly small, and if by its insectivorous habits the bird prevents much greater destruction than it inflicts, the farmer should be willing to bear the lesser loss.

A reasonable way of viewing the relation of birds to the farmer is to consider them as servants, employed to destroy weeds and insects, for whom sufficient food and needed protection is generously provided. In the long run, no part of the capital invested in the farm or orchard is more certain to pay big interest than the small sum collected as toll by the birds that harbor near the premises. Deductions from the extensive investigations undertaken in response to numerous complaints concerning depredations by birds in orchards and vineyards on the Pacific coast, show that the food habits of the 70 species common in California can be regarded as of doubtful utility. These are the linne, California jay, stellar jay and redbreasted sapsucker. Therefore, when all the known methods of protecting fruit have been exhausted, or cannot be profitably employed, a reasonable reduction of the numbers of these offending birds is permissible; but the more the food habits of birds are studied, the more evident is the fact that with a normal distribution of species and a fair supply of natural food, the damage to agricultural products by birds is small as compared with the benefit.

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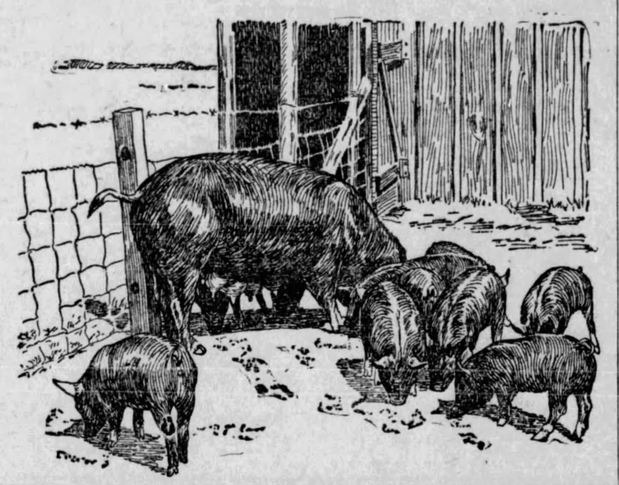
EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING HOGS ON EAR CORN



It is the opinion of practical farmers that it is profitable to raise two litters of pigs a year when suitable, warm quarters can be provided. Some say much depends upon whether or not there is plent yof fresh milk on the farm for feeding purposes.

There are a number of different ways of feeding corn to hogs, but there is only one way to do it at least cost for returns received in increased production of pork. In order to determine what is the best method of feeding corn to hogs the Iowa state college agricultural experiment station recently completed experiments on 312 hogs of all ages, fed in 32 lots, testing six forms of corn—dry ear corn, soaked shelled corn, dry cornmeal, soaked cornmeal, dry corn and cob meal and soaked corn and cob meal. The experiments, summed up, are as follows:

Dry ear corn is highly relished by hogs and is decidedly the most convenient to feet. Soaking and grinding necessitate increased labor and expense, and the use of troughs, tight receptacles for carrying feed and more judgment in feeding.

Corn of the last crop was used each year. Cornmeal and corn and cob meal were finely ground. The cost of shelling was 1 cent per bushel; shelling and grinding, 3 cents; grinding corn and cob meal, 6 cents.

All the lots in each experiment were given exactly the same kind of quarters and treatment except for the one difference—the kind of preparation given the corn. Careful tests were made to show exactly the amount of shelled corn to which the ear corn was equivalent, and the weights for shelled corn are given so as to show just the amount of grain actually eaten by all the lots.

Dry ear corn was fed with the least waste and in 1907 made the fastest gain. The pigs ate it more slowly than soaked corn or cornmeal owing to the greater time required to masticate it.

In 1907, 100 pounds of dry ear corn made as much pork as 112 pounds of shelled corn soaked 24 hours, or 122 pounds of cornmeal soaked 12 hours. All the other forms of corn were still less efficient.

As a rule, eggs from two-year-old hens give better satisfaction at this time of the year than do when from younger stock, and the chicks are more vigorous.

The eggs of hens that did heavy laying during the winter are not so apt to be as strongly fertilized, as eggs from hens that made but a fair showing.

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Is there a place under some old building where you can spade up the earth and give it to the hens to work at? They will dig away hard to find the worms that may be in it. Nothing will do them more good.

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when you answer this announcement as I am going to distribute at least one hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be, read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days you can keep the gold pair forever without a cent of pay.

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat gold Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—Dr. Haux, (Personal) Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE.—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world and is perfectly reliable.

FEED LOT QUESTIONS

Natural Feeds Good as Prepared Ones

"A ground feed is being offered for sale in our local market which is highly recommended as a feed for young pigs. How am I to know whether or not it is what it is claimed to be?

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED
Kentucky's Straight Whiskey
Express Prepaid from Distiller to You
2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn anteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need
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We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guar- expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3, 8 for $6, or 12 for $9.
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Myers & Co. Dist'y No. 22, 6th Dist., Ky. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof, must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.
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The Urine Must Be Tested in all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver and Digestive organs, including Rheumatism, or the treatment will be an experiment. I test urine Free. Mailing Case for urine sent on request. Consultation and opinion free.
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WHEAT, BRAN AND RYE

"Can you give me some information on this question: At the same price, which is the more nutritious feed for hogs and poultry, wheat bran or crushed rye? Also, which are the best root crops for feeding purposes to grow in sand along the river bank?"

I give below the digestible nutrients in average samples of wheat bran and rye. By studying these figures you will note that there is considerable difference in the composition of the two feeds, especially in reference to the protein and carbohydrates. As to which would be better to use would depend upon the age of the animal and whether the purpose of feeding is to fatten or to grow them. You will note that bran has considerably more protein than rye, while rye is better for fattening purposes. On the other hand, wheat bran, where it comprises any large part of the ration of hogs, is too bulky. I should say that rye should always be ground for feeding purposes. As to the root crops, I have had the best success with stock beets or mangle wurzels.

Composition of wheat bran (winter wheat) and rye, respectively: Dry matter in 100 pounds, 87.7 and 88.4; digestible nutrients in 100 pounds, protein 12.3 and 9.9; carbohydrates, 37.1 and 67.6; ether extracts, 2.6 and 1.1.

With a Warning

ELIZABETH AYRES.

...ou who do not like cats are warned away from this story, be- ...e it is going to be a cat story. ...ing been fair enough to warn you, ...t not my fault if you persist in ...ing the story, as you most likely ...if you go so far as to read this ...ing, and if you read the story, having read the warning, you ...t blame me for it. I told you ...ep off the grass if you do not like ...

...e cat in question was, and is, Nig. ...ast we so named him on account ...s color. He was a very dark- ...olected cat. Nig was of unusual ...and weight, and after we had ...to know him well, we discovered ...he was death on rats, and could ...every other cat in the neighbor- ...which he did quite frequently, ...der to assert his authority, I sup- ...He was a pilgrim and a stranger ...he crossed our pathway, by sud- ...appearing in our yard, where he ...scouting around, sort of sizing up ...

...is not likely we should have ...ght of him other than as a stray ...if it had not been for the narrow ...he wore, made of soft, red ...er. This at once marked him as ...or having been, Somebody's ...ng. He came so often and stayed ...ng that we decided he was ours. ...A moving had either left him ...d, or, preferring familiar haunts ...known places, he had refused to ...moved. ...ently Nig made it evident that ...did decided to be our cat. He ...around the kitchen at meal ...and when so inclined, pre- ...ed the front porch, stretching ...self out in lion-like pose, and with ...air of ownership. No special ob- ...was made to this by the one ...who did not like cats and would ...have cats, until Nig showed a dis- ...tion to enter the house. It was ...he declared war, and, being the ...who had the most "say" about the ...ts of the household, we conceded ...right to declare war if she were ...ded, though we wished she would ...declare it against Nig. ...had ways with him that were pe- ...culiarly fascinating. He was a proud ...and inclined to be lofty in de- ...ior. His assumption of authority ...portance was most amusing, and ...gentler moments he was most ...and cuddlesome. The truth of ...is the majority of us wanted Nig ...our cat, but in this case the ma- ...jority could not rule, the minority be- ...ing the woman head of the household, ...was the stronger. Her ulti- ...matum was "No Cats!" so it was ...only to be hoped there could be ...

...spite of his lack of welcome Nig ...persistent in staying. He had ...up his mind to be one of us. Evi- ...dently he liked our appearance and our ...ways, and was determined to be ...ed, even in face of The Enemy's ...osition. Nig went his, for the most ...placid way, apparently undis- ...turbed by The Enemy's opposition. ...To tell the truth, he favored her with ...some of his attentions when he deigned ...to attention. He was so sure of his ...majesty that he expected to re- ...ceive, rather than to give attentions, ...and when he was so minded, he purred ...tantalizingly around The Enemy, ...rubbing against her skirts, arched his ...back, rolled over and trod around ...her feet, and employed every cat ...contrivance he knew, in order to as- ...sure The Enemy that she was in his ...debt, and he cherished no resentment. ...The Enemy would not be placated. ...For moments she looked as if she ...could say, "Drat, the cat," but ...did not, being in her vocabulary, she ...said "him" instead. He would not ...be a hurry, doubtless being aware ...of her seeming fierceness was on the ...surface only.

...Nig was ostracized from our hearth ...for some time, but he was not permitted to ...die. Surreptitiously he was well fed ...at the kitchen door. Surreptitiously a ...saucer of milk was placed in a sheltered ...corner of our front porch for him to ...lap. If The Enemy noticed this ...she made no sign, and it re- ...mained in its place undisturbed. ...Occasionally large dead rats, bearing ...marks of conflict, were laid on the ...doorstep as peace offerings and trophies ...of his prowess. That he was their ...master was proven by the way he called ...their attention to the ones he had in ...his possession, and especially he called ...The Enemy's attention. In Nig's opin- ...ion she was a hard, cruel heart that ...could not soften at sight of a large, ...fat rat.

...Nig in the middle summer when Nig ...used to be our cat, and late autumn ...found him still a dweller with us, though ...he had kept on the outer borders. Nig ...seemed to be a house cat when he want- ...ed one, and most of our number ...were in sympathy with this want of his, ...with the exception of The Enemy; she ...was holding out against him, and, as ...we knew, kept all the govern- ...ment in her hands, with the exception of Nig. He did not ...seem to mind when he was beaten, therefore he ...was not conquered.

...Nig had a trick of standing on his hind ...legs and rattling doorknobs with his ...paws when he wanted doors to be ...opened. The first time he did this was ...a sight, and we who heard him, ...thought he was burglars. Timidly we ...crept to the sound to the door where it ...was being made. Timidly we opened it a ...little, and Nig was the sound pro- ...ducer. We wanted to take him in and ...pet him, but mindful of The Enemy's ...feelings and "No Cats!" Instead, we stroked his fur and called him pet ...names in low tones of voices, while we ...picked him up firmly, conveyed him to his ...own quarters, telling him that must be his ...home until better quarters could be ...found.

...Nig with here came a night of storm. ...There was a rattling, roaring, rushing, bel- ...lowing sort of a storm, when the rain ...beat on the windows and the wind ...howled around and over and under the ...house as if seeking to sweep it from its ...foundations. Snugly sheltered, thought unhap- ...py for Nig outside, and we tried ...to comfort ourselves with the thought ...that we can always find cover from a ...storm, even where there is no cover. De- ...spite this effort for self-comfort, we ...found ourselves listening anxiously for ...Nig's rattle at the doorknob. It came, ...as we more than half expected, and it ...came vigorously.

..."Let me in, let me in," it said, al- ...most as plainly as if the words were ...spoken.

...The Enemy laid down her sewing and ...listened with us.

..."What's that noise?" she demanded to ...know. In reality, she knew as well as ...we, who were Nig's friends and sym- ...pathizers.

..."It's Nig," we explained, smiling at ...her duplicity. "He wants to come in."

..."Well, why doesn't some one let him ...in, I'd like to know," she said in a voice ...of blame. "I call it cruelty to animals ...to keep him out in such a storm as ...this."

...The Enemy fixed us with stern, ac- ...cusing eyes, as if we were the despicable ...offenders.

...Nig was "let in" and he has stayed ..."let in," ever since, as much as he ...wants to be, so this story may have a ...happy ever-after ending. The Enemy is ...The Enemy no longer. She sits on Nig, ...hand and foot, and seems to love her ...slavery, and he is a generous conqueror. ...Whenever he pleases he lies in her lap, ...though he is so much too large for laps ...that his legs and tail hang over the ...edges. He purrs contentedly and looks ...up in her face with fearless, yellow eyes, ...while he gently claws her hands in ...token of his affection.

...When we have cat-loving visitors, we ...show off his graces, and he aids and ...abets us in this showing off process, ...by rattling doorknobs in obedience to ...our urging—an' it be he do so pleases, ...which is according to true cat manners. ...distance.

DISCUSSION ON SOILS

Q. I would like to ask Professor Miller what he calls an average soil.

A. The average soil of Missouri, all over the state, would contain around 3,000 pounds of nitrogen, 1,000 of phosphorus and 5,000 of potassium. In Barton county there are 445 pounds of phosphorus to the acre near Lamar; and near Adrian, Bates county, there are 698 pounds. But the above is an average for the state.

Q. How much phosphorus did you say to use on an acre of average Missouri soil?

A. Sixty to seventy pounds of phosphate rock per ton of manure.

Q. Would that be enough to supply the needs of a five-acre rotation?

A. Yes, if you feed everything back except wheat.

Q. Do you apply manure once in five years?

A. Yes, once in a five-year rotation, and that before corn.

Q. Do you have to buy rock phosphate in carloads?

A. Yes, to get the price of $10. If you buy in small lots it will cost you in the neighborhood of $15 per ton, freight included.

Q. Is one form of phosphate rock better than another?

A. Yes, there is some variation. We have been buying from Tennessee.

Q. After you have succeeded in getting a crop of cowpeas how do you treat the land to get the best results?

A. Either "hog" them off or take off with sheep.

Q. Would you advise burning stubble off of lands?

A. No; it is never wise to burn off anything. It depends somewhat on the system you are figuring on. If you want a crop the next year it will sometimes pay; but if you are figuring on crops in the future it never pays. —Missouri Farmers' Institute.

ODD FISH FROM THE DEPTHS

Brought to the Surface Through Repair to Government Cables.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Strange monsters the like of which have seldom been seen by man were dragged from a depth of 8,500 feet by the crew of the cable ship Burnside when they repaired the Alaska cable off Mount St. Elias last month.

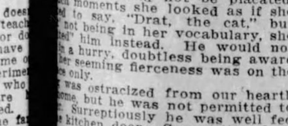
The Burnside is moored at its buoy in Elliott bay after two months of repairing and relaying the cables of the United States army signal corps system. On board were a score of huge flasks filled with alcohol. In them floated strange shapes which it was hard to believe were once living creatures.

Balls of red hair which looked like tousled human heads proved upon dissection to be a strange kind of deep water crab. Flesh colored round masses were found clinging to the cable by minute tentacles. One creature is shaped like the dado toy, narrow in the middle with big concave white disks at either end by which it catches hold of any object. The sailors on board the Burnside have named it the spool.

Another strange marine creature is shaped like an octopus but has at least two dozen tentacles instead of eight. Many octopuses were found clinging to the cable, but they were thought too common to preserve. Whole sections of the cable pulled up for inspection were found covered several feet deep with strange plants and animal life. Seaweed, black instead of green, sponges and sea urchins predominated.

Probably the strangest creature found on the cable was a flesh colored fish not more than four feet long which was found enveloped in the tentacles of a young octopus. When brought to the surface its body was swollen like a balloon. Dr. J. E. Maloney, the ship's surgeon who examined it, said he believed the fish was choked by the hold of the octopus.

The section of cable upon which all this strange life was found had been down 10 years at a depth of a mile and a half. The specimens which have been preserved and which are now on board the Burnside are to be handed over to the Smithsonian institution for scientific study.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SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS
Safe--Swift--Sure Perfect hammerless non-clogging action. 24 to 32 inch Genuine Imported DAMASCUS Barrel. Full length top rib gives instantaneous sight. Hinged breech block, all working parts covered up; snow and dirt cannot get in. Solid steel wall always between shell and shooter. Takes down in ten seconds without tools. Black walnut stock, fine finish. Bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. No extra charge for any feature named. Sent with privilege of trial if desired. Don't buy until you have read our FREE BOOK describing this pump gun and our superb single and doubles. Ask for it today. THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 428 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U.S.A.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

HISTORY OF THE NOVEL

Will you please give me a history of the English novel?—G. G. S., Marion, Ind.

The modern English novel may be said to date from Defoe, though Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were on the order of the novel. But Defoe's Robinson Crusoe and others are stories that relate of adventure in detail. After Defoe came Swift and his satirical writings such as Gulliver's Travels. These two writers told of extraordinary adventures, while the novel of every day life was improved by Richardson, Fielding and Smollett. Though the productions of Richardson are of great length, yet their accumulation of delicate light and shade, the knowledge of human sentiments and passions they display, and the earnestness with which they enlisted the passions on the side of virtue, made them a great advance on their predecessors. The novels of Fielding are less sentimental, but contain other admirable qualities and a thorough knowledge of all sections of English life. Smollett's characters are eccentric. The next novelist of note was Sterne, and soon after Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield appeared. From this time till the beginning of the 19th century no work of fiction of high rank appeared. Then came Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth and their tales of domestic and every day life. Sir Walter Scott followed with the historical romance which was a new department of English literature. Scott raised novel writing to a higher standard than had ever been known before. Since Scott there has been many English novelists of more or less renown. Among the best of these are Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, George Meredith, Rudyard Kipling, Kingsley, Anthony Trollope and many others.

DRY CELLS

I would like to have the Question Bureau please tell me how to dry cells.—L. G., Lum, Mich.

Zinc and carbon plates are imbedded in a moist paste, which consists usually of one part of crystals of ammonium chloride, three parts of plaster of paris, one part of zinc oxide, one part of zinc chloride and two parts of water. The plaster of paris is used to make the plate rigid.

A LINCOLN LETTER

Will the Question Bureau please print the letter which Lincoln wrote to the widow in Massachusetts who had given her five sons to the Union cause?—J. F. S., Rogers, Ark.

In November, 1864, Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, Massachusetts, the following letter:

"Dear Madam—I have been shown, in the files of the war department, a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and the lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Yours very sincerely and respectfully, Abraham Lincoln."

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Please tell in what states and territories of this country marrigae licenses are not required.—E. H. T., Shiloh, N. J.

Marriage licenses are required in all states and territories except Alaska, New Jersey (if residents, otherwise required), New Mexico and South Carolina. California requires man and woman to appear and be examined under oath.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Please tell me about Petroleum V. Nasby and his writings—A. E. R., Farnam, Nebr.

David Ross Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) the American humorist and satirist, was born September 20, 1833, and died February 15, 1888. When young he learned the trade of printer, and after being connected with several newspapers, was the editor and owner of the Toledo Blade in 1865, and very soon became popular as a humorous writer and later as a lecturer. In 1860 he began to write his Nasby letters in a paper published in Findlay, and continued doing so throughout the war. The letters upheld the policy of the Lincoln administration, and had much influence in molding public opinion of the people. Later the satire of the letters was aimed at President Johnson and his methods. They were collected and published in book form under the titles Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Yours Truly; Swingin' Round the Kirkle; Ekkoes from Kentucky; The Struggles—Social, Financial and Political— of P. V. Nasby. He also published Hannah Jane; The Moral History of America's Life Struggle; and The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem.

MONEY SYSTEM

Please give a description of the money system of the United States.—J. S., Lum, Mich.

There are four different kinds of legal tender in this country. They are gold and silver coins, gold and silver certificates, treasury notes and national bank notes. When gold bullion is brought to the government mint to be coined the person to whom the gold belongs is paid by the government in gold coin, while those bringing silver bullion are paid in silver certificates. Owing to the fact that a gold coin, after being in circulation for some time would lose some of the gold, the value deteriorates. There would not be the full amount of gold in the coin and the actual value would be less than the face value. The government instead of allowing the gold to circulate puts it into its vaults and issues certificates of deposit which entitles the holder to the face value of the certificate if he presents it at the treasury, and he is given the amount of gold it calls for. The same is done with the silver, but merely because silver is too heavy to carry around in large quantities. The silver certificates are in the form of one and two dollar bills. Treasury notes are merely promissory notes issued by the government. No certain amount has been deposited in the United States treasury for them, but the government's credit is behind them. National bank notes are the same as the treasury notes with the exception that instead of being issued by the government they are issued by the national banks, whose credit is good, for the government backs them.

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

Before the last fight at Reno, who was the world's champion heavyweight pugilist? — E. W. W., White Cloud, Mich.

Previous to the fight for the heavyweight championship that took place at Reno on July 4, 1910, Jeffries was the retired undefeated champion. However, Jack Johnson was considered as the champion because of his victory over Burns. In 1905 Jeffries retired without having been defeated, but he refereed a fight between Marvin Hart and Jack Root and presented the winner with his title to defend against all comers. Hart won the fight, but lost the title when Tommy Burns defeated him the following year. Jack Johnson is now the only champion, there being no undefeated champion. Before his victory over Burns, Johnson was at no time heavyweight champion.

MAKING A HECTOGRAPH

Will The Blade please publish in these columns a recipe for making a hectograph?—M. E. P., Goodall, Va.

Soak an ounce of gelatine over night in enough cold water to cover it well, and see that the gelatine is all swelled. Dissolve two ounces common salt in one pint of water. Heat six or seven ounces of pure glycerine over this salt-water bath to a temperature of 200 degrees F. Pour off from the gelatine all the water remaining unabsorbed, and add the gelatine to the hot glycerin. Continue the heating for about an hour, stirring it so as to avoid the formation of bubbles or froth. Add 20 drops of oil of cloves to prevent decomposition. The composition should now be poured into the vessel in which it is to be used. A shallow cake tin may be taken for this purpose. When it is filled with the composition it must be placed in a level position in a cool place, free from dust, and left there for five hours. Before using pass a wet sponge over the face of the gelaine, and allow it to nearly dry before taking the first copy. Use a new steel hectograph pen in making the writing or drawing to be copied. After the writing becomes dry place it face down on the pad and rub gently on the back to insure perfect contact of every part. Leave it on the pad for about a minute, and remove it carefully, taking hold of one corner of the paper and pulling it off slowly. You can then proceed to take copies by placing the papers on the pad one at a time. After securing the desired number of copies wash the pad lightly with a sponge wet with cold water, and let it dry before using aagin.

DE FACTO AND DE JURE

What do the terms de facto and de jure mean?—D. R. P., Eastwood, O.

The terms de facto and de jure are generally used in connection with the holding of office. One who has actual possession of an office and exercises its functions is said to be an officer de facto, or in fact; one who is entitled to an office, but does not actually fill it, is said to be an officer de jure, or by right. A de facto officer may hold his office without wrongful intent, though without legal sanction, as when there have been technical irregularities in the appointment, or when the law under which he was appointed is afterward declared unconstitutional by the courts. The acts of a de facto incumbent are valid as respects third persons and the public generally if the officer holds his position by color or right (that is, with supposed authority based on reasonable grounds), if he holds it with some degree of notoriety, if he is actually in exercise of continuous official acts, or if he is in actual possession of a public office.

REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give an account of the republic of Liberia.—B. W., Northport, Me.

The constitution of the Republic if Liberia is modeled on that of the United States. The executive power is vested in a president elected every two years, and the legislative in a body known as "the legislature of Liberia," and divided into a senate and house of representatives. The republic is divided into four counties, each of which elects two senators for a term of four years. Representatives are elected biennially, every county being entitled to one representative, and an additional one for every 10,000 inhabitants. There are now 13 members of this house of the legislature. The constitution provides that all elections shall be by ballot, and that every male citizen possessing real estate shall have the right of suffrage. Now none but colored persons are allowed the rights of citizenship—to hold office, or purchase real estate in the republic. The president must be 35 years of age, and be possessed of real property to the value of $600. He is assisted in his executive duties by a cabinet of seven members. By the constitution slavery cannot exist in the republic or be countenanced by any one of its citizens. There is no standing army, but service in the militia is required from every citizen between the ages of 16 and 50. The judicial power is vested in a supreme court and several subordinate courts. Liberia was under the protection of the United States from its founding in 1822 until July 26, 1847, when it was declared independent. In 1848 it was recognized as a sovereign state by Great Britain to engotiate a loan, was States. There has been one popular outbreak in 1871, caused by the fact that the president, James Roye, who had been to Great Britain to negotiae a loan, was said to have appropriated part of the money for his own private uses. He was arrested and imprisoned and another president installed in office. The money borrowed by Roye in Great Britain laid the foundation for a public deft for the republic. It amounted to $500,000, and no interest has been paid on it since 1874, the government being so managed that it is always in financial straits. The population of Liberia is estimated at 1,068,000 inhabitants, of whom but 18,000 are colonists from America, the others being native blacks. Since the emancipation of the negroes in this country the immigration to Liberia has been but slight, and the republic is so widely separated from the enlightened nations of the globe that any rapid progress in civilization and the arts cannot be expected from it.

GOLD SOLUTION

How can one prepare a gold solution by the use of electric batteries?—B. E., Middlefork, O.

To prepare a gallon of gold solution, dissolve four ounces cyanide of potassium in one gallon water, and heat the solution to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. Now take a small porous cell and fill it with this cyanide solution, and place it inside the gallon of solution; into this cell is put a small plate of iron or copper, and attached by a wire to the zinc pole of a battery. A piece of gold is placed into the large solution, attached to the silver of the battery. The whole is allowed to remain in action until the gold, which is to be taken out from time to time and weighed, has lost the quantity required in solution.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION

Please give an account of spontaneous generation. — A. E. B., Jonesboro, Tenn.

Spontaneous generation is the doctrine that living matter may originate spontaneously; that is, out of non-living matter. The sudden appearance of living things in dead bodies, as of maggots in flesh, and mold on vegetables, was formerly accounted for by regarding them as the direct products of the decay or putrefaction in which they occurred, through some unexplained process. The Italian experimenter Spallanzani first indicated the improbability of the source of these growths being living things or their germs preexisting in the atmosphere. He found that when he bound organic solutions, as beef-broth or an infusion of "tea" of hay in a vessel closed against the admission of air, no appearance of living beings, or any evidence of "generation" followed; and the same freedom continued when the air which entered vessels containing fermentable solutions was made to pass first through sulphuric acid, through red-hot tubes and through caustic potash. That the air does actually contain large quantities of minute organic bodies was demonstrated by Tyndall in his efforts to obtain optically pure atmosphere, and this explains why preserved meats keep for any number of years if properly closed, since, after their thorough cooking, their apertures are hermetically sealed while steam is still escaping, the entrance of atmospheric air with its contents being thus prevented. Lister's antiseptic treatment in surgeory is based on the same hypothesis. But while spontaneous generation is untenable as an explanation of phenomena now in progress, we know nothing of the original development of living beings. Evolution is incomplete as a scheme of the universe without the hypothesis of spontaneous origin of living things from inorganic matter.

THOMAS PAINE

Tell what you can about Thomas Paine.—B. M. J., Lacota, Mich.

Thomas Paine, an author famous for his connection with the American and French revolutions, and for his advocacy of infidel opinions, born January, 1737, at Thetford, England. He was trained to the business of his father, who was a staymaker, but afterwards obtained a situation in the customs, and the management of a tobacco manufactory. His income, however, was small, and he fell in debt, and was dismissed in 1774, upon which he went to America, was favorably received by a bookseller in Philadelphia, and in 1776 published a pamphlet entitled, Common Sense, in which he maintained the cause of the colonies against the mother country. The success and influence of this publication were extraordinary, and it won him the friendship of Washington, Franklin and other distinguished American leaders. He was rewarded by congress with appointments as a secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, visited France in the summer of 1787, where he made the acquaintance of Buffon, Malesherbes, La Rochefoucauld, and other eminent men; and in the autumn following went to England, where, in 1791, he published the Rights of Man, the most famous of all the replies to Burke's Reflections Upon the French Revolution. In 1792, the department of Pas-de-Calias elected him a deputy to the national convention, where he usually voted with the Girondists. At the trial of Louis XVI. he proposed that the king should be spared and afforded an opportunity of seeking an asylum in America. In 1793, Robespierre caused him to be ejected from the convention, on the ground of his being a foreigner, and thrown into prison. During his imprisonment he wrote The Age of Reason, against Atheism and against Christianity, and in favor of Deism. In 1802 he returned to the United States, and died in 1809.

WADE H. ELLIS

Please give a sketch of the life of Wade H. Ellis.—C. L. B., Johnsonville, Ill.

Wade Hampton Ellis, the lawyer and politician, was born in Covington, Kentucky, December 10, 1858. He was educated in the public schools, Hughes high school, and Chickering institute, Cincinnati. He graduated from the Washington and Lee university in 1889 with the degree of L. L. B. Later he received the degree of LL. D. from the same university, and in 1904 Ellis received the same degree from Miami university. In 1894 he married Dessie Corwin Chase, of his native town. Four years before his marriage he had been admitted to the bar, and from 1895 to 1897 he was engaged in the newspaper business in Cincinnati as an editor on several papers. In 1897 he became an assistant corporation counsel, being engaged in this work for six years, and then being made attorney general of Ohio, serving two terms. Taft appointed him assistant to the attorney general of the United States in 1908. He resigned this position to become chairman of the Republican executive committee of Ohio in 1910. Ellis drafted the new municipal code passed by the Ohio legislature in 1902; he was chairman of the Ohio tax commission in 1907; and drafted the Republican national platform in 1908. His present residence is in Cincinnati.

PLATFORMS OF 1868.

Will you please give me the leading principles of both the Republican and Democratic parties in 1868?—G. H. R., Ironton, Mich.

Republican platform, adopted in Chicago May 20: It declared in favor of equal rights to all; all forms of repudiation denounced as a national crime; the payment of the public debt in good faith; taxation to be equalized and reduced as far as national faith would permit; to extend the national debt over a fair period; to improve the credit of the United States so that money could be loaned advantageously; declared in favor of honest government administration and denounced the corruption of Andrew Johnson's administration; deplored the tragic death of Lincoln; declared that naturalized citizens should be protected; declared in favor of pensions to worthy soldiers; foreign immigration encouraged; declared in sympathy with all oppressed people struggling for the right; commended the spirit with which ex-rebels co-operated to restore peace and good feeling. Democratic platform adopted in New York July 4. Recognizing that slavery and secess on had been settled forever; demanded immediate restoration of all states to their rights in the union under the constitution; amnesty for all past political offenses; payment of the public debt as fast as possible; equal taxation of every specie of property according to its real value; one currency for everybody; economy in the administration of the government; reform in the abuses in the administration; equal rights and protection for naturalized citizens; declared against the corruption of the Radical house; thanked President Johnson for the stand he took.

MISCELLANEOUS

B. M., New Bethlehem, Pa.: We can tell you nothing concerning the yellow tar weed.

T. H. T., Williamsport, O.: We find no reference in any of our reference books to the mobilization of troops in Upper Sandusky in 1817.

S. D. S., Webb, W. Va.: Roosevelt and Taft are not brothers-in-law. Roosevelt's present wife was Edith Kermit Carow, and Taft's was Helen Herron.

J. B., Harrisburg, Pa.: We cannot give the account of the fire you wish unless we know the date it occurred.

S. B., Kinston, N. C.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

M. A. M., Santa Barbara, Cal.: We have no record of Ingersoll's letter to which you refer.

S. D. M., Snohomish, Wash.: The sayings of Ingersoll "Just before he died" had reference only to his physical welfare. If you mean his last words, they were these: "Oh, better." Made in response to his wife's question, "How do you feel?"

O. P. W., Bryson City, N. C.: If you will turn to the back numbers of The Blade you will find, on the editorial page, a serious of articles covering the commission plan of city government. The plan varies in the different cities that have adopted it.

A. S. F., Ada, O.: The returns of the election of 1908 were published in the Question Bureau of July 28.

H. E. N., Claria, W. Va.: In pronouncing "Iowa" place the accent on the first syllable. Both the "i" and the "o" are long while the "a" is obscure.

S. S. K., Elizabeth City, N. C.: We cannot give you a sketch of the life of Jerry McCall.

J. S. R., National Soldiers' Home, Tenn.: Booker T. Washington is of African descent. There is no record of his ancestors.

W. V. B., Stowers, Tenn.: White to any one of the land offices of Oklahoma. They are located in El Reno, Guthrie, Lawton and Woodward of that state.

VALUE OF FERTILIZERS

To calculate the value of fertilizers, multiply the percentage of nitrogen by 3.8; multiply the percentage of available phosphoric acid by 0.7; multiply the percentage of insoluble phosphoric acid (total minus available) by 0.4; multiply the percentage of potash by 1.0. The sum of these four products will be the commercial valuation per ton on the basis taken.

For illustration: A table of analyses shows a certain fertilizer to have the following composition: Nitrogen, 2.52 per cent; available phosphoric acid, 6.31 per cent; insoluble phosphoric acid, .89 per cent; potash, 6.64 per cent. According to this method of valuation, the computation would be as follows:

Nitrogen	2.52x3.8	$ 9.58
Available phosphoric acid	6.31x0.7	4.42
Insoluble phosphoric acid	0.89x0.4	0.35
Potash	6.64x1.0	6.64
Total		$21.00

This rule assumes all the nitrogen to be organic and all the potash to be in the form of sulphate. If a considerable portion of nitrogen exists in the fertilizer as nitrate of soda or as sulphate of ammonia, and potash is present as muriate, the results are somewhat less.

Farmers should be warned against judging fertilizers by their valuations. A fertilizer, the cost of which comes chiefly from the phosphoric acid present, would value much lower commercially than a fertilizer with a high percentage of nitrogen, and yet the former might be the more profitable one for a given farmer to purchase.

A Modern Cornelius.

Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Subbubs (to neighbor)—"Willie and Bobbie aren't home from school yet and here it is 5 o'clock. Did you see anything of my precious jewels as you came along, Mr. Nexdore?"

Nexdore—"Your precious jewels are in soak, madam. I just saw them swimming in the river."

BLOOD POISON
CAN BE CURED
If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on your body, falling hair, swolen glands, pains in the bones, or sores continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 22,000 patients of that company in the fifteen years ending May 12th, 1908, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. DON'T BE MISLED with offers of Free Treatment, that stimulate the system for a short time. RELIABLE CURES ARE NOT FREE. Our treatment has stood the test for 25 years and have never been compelled to offer free treatments to procure patients. Booklet on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write
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IS BOOMED FOR CONGRESS

"Kate Williamson for congress!"

That is the battle cry of the women of Colorado. Since it became known that Colorado, because of its increase in population, is entitled to another representative in the national house, the women have declared that one of their number shall be the new member. Colorado is one of the few states that place men and women upon an equality in the matter of voting. Equal suffrage, according to the women, is doing the state a vast amount of good. Incidentally, it is bringing into prominence several women, some of whom are now holding elective offices. Colorado rolls up a large women's vote, and the women are keenly alive to their opportunities.

In the matter of working for the election of Mrs. Williamson, there is strong evidence that party lines will be eliminated to a large extent in Colorado. At the present time the women see only the opportunity of sending one of their sex to congress, and leaders of the movement declare that nothing else will be permitted to cloud that one issue. In past elections the women have assisted in several political deals. Now, however, they are asking for something. That is the election of Katherine Williamson to congress. Mrs. Williamson is a woman of strong personality. She is said to be about 37. A few months ago th ewomen of Denver decided that they should have representation on the board of county commissioners. They selected Katherine Williamson for the position, and it is freely admitted that she can be elected. That was before the congressional issue came up, however. Now the plans have been changed. Mrs. Williamson is to run for congress. She will be supported by practically every woman in the state. Mrs. Williamson has lived in Colorado only a few years. Her husband died about eight years ago, and a short time after she went to Denver, where she has since resided. Her personality has won her many friends, and the espousal of the cause of women's suffrage and her earnest work in the women's clubs have brought her into prominence as a leader among her sisters. She now holds the office of state factory inspector.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT SPAIN

RELIGNON—the relations between the government of Spain and the Vatican—is the cause of the latest crisis in the governmental and political life of Spain. It is engendering bitterness and threatening grave consequences.

Sections of the country and elements in the population of the kingdom furnish lines of cleavage in this sharp controversy over the religious orders and their property, and the diplomatic intercourse between the Spanish government and the Papal See. Biscay is at odds with Catalonia. The feeling of the peasants in many districts is entirely unlike the temper of the working men of the cities.

Yet Spain is more nearly of one mind, one habit of thought, in religion than in almost anything else. It is there that the unity of the country is most strongly marked.

Of the 20,000,000 people in Spain only about 30,000 are classed otherwise than as Roman Catholics. The little minority is made up of about 7,000 Protestants, 4,000 Jews and various other elements such as "Rationalists" ((free thinkers). Only one person in every 60, or about that number, is not an avowed Catholic.

It is remarkable that such almost unanimous adherence to one church should exist in a country which contains so many kinds of blood and is built on so many layers of migration and waves of conquest. Spain is a blend rather than one stock, in respect to the origin of its people.

One of the marvels of Spanish history is that the long period of Moorish ascendancy, in the greater part of the peninsula, has left so few traces which count. It took seven centuries to expel the Africans who overran Spain in less than as many decades.

Yet the religion or the Moors has disappeared entirely. Their language has hardly touched the vocabulary of the country. The Saracenic stamp is on Spanish architecture in some parts of the peninsula, and here and there African and Arabic thought shows its effects, but there is little more.

True, the French have a aying that "Africa begins at the Pyrennees," but they do not mean it in any other sense than an altrusion to the sharp contrasts between Spanish habits of thought and action and the typical life of Europe. They have in mind the "manana" (tomorrow) of Spain, its aloofness from much of the hurry and change of modern life.

And all the world knows that Spain is by no means alike, from the Bay of Biscay to the Strait of Gibraltar, from Portugal to the Mediterranean, in respect to its ideals, its beliefs and its mental outlook.

There is a great gulf fixed between the Biscayans, who are in large part Basques, of perhaps the oldest race in Europe, and the Andalusians of the bright, hot south, with their touch of Moorish thought and feeling, their tinge of the gypsy and the oriental. The Catalans are keen in business and their great city, Barcelona, is throbbing with life and strength and ambitions quite out of tune with the inertia of Cadiz and the backward-looking pride of Seville.

It has been said of Spain that it is a country built in water-tight compartments. A glance at the map explains that phrase, for the land is ribbed and checkered with mountain chains. Geographically, the kingdom does not find unity and harmony easy.

And now, in the collision of religious and political forces which shakes the Spanish state to its foundations, the miners and fishermen, sailors and forest dweller of the cool, cloudy Biscayan coast are sharply opposed to the street crowds of the cities of Catalonia. Madrid is more revolutionary, from the clerical point of view, than Bilbao.

Such differences are not surprising when Spanish history is considered. The country was colon

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Lost Opportunities

The loss of an opportunity is a regrettable thing. One way to lose opportunities is to neglect reading newspaper advertisements. Irresistible propositions appear in the columns of The Blade from week to week. Some of them may appeal to you. The way to find them is to scan the advertising columns thoroughly. If you think you have discovered what you want, do not delay writing to the advertiser. A little time and a 2-cent postage stamp will cover the cost. Delay may result in the loss of an opportunity.

When a man dies of overwork there must be other complications.

One idea of heaven is a place where nobody has to sit behind a big hat.

This country ought to have a national pie. All in favor of the motion say aye.

Some people are finding fault with the new $1,000 bills, but we are in favor of 'em.

Cool August nights remind us that we ought to bless the man who invented sleep.

Ambassador Reid wants Americans to say "God bless the President." The postmasters do.

Senator Aldrich is beginning to feel that he can get mad enough to run for another term.

Washington dogs are to be muzzled. Congressmen will still be allowed to run at large.

The man who counts a hundred before he speaks never says anything to startle the natives.

"Let women reign in the kingdom of the home," says Cardinal Gibbons. They do, bless 'em.

Some day the question, "What's the matter with Kansas?' will find a place in our school books.

Even though the earth may be seventy million years old she still looks young and beautiful.

As soon as a man has done something worth while people say his wife made him what he is.

This is our idea of a sensible prayer: "Lord, help us to be deecnt, and don't let us make you tired."

While the world is pretty big, murderers have considerable trouble finding safe hiding places.

It is said that blondes are out of style, but there are many young men with old-fashioned tastes.

Perhaps a good preacher was lost to the world when Mr. Rockefeller decided to become an oil king.

Some cornfields need rain and others don't. It keeps Providence busy doing everything just right.

An Illinois man of 75 married his mother-in-law, thus giving the gossips of his neighborhood the best time of their life.

What has become of the old-fashioned Democrat who vowed he would not have his hair cut until Mr. Bryan was elected President?

John D. Rockefeller is taking whisky baths. That is one way of using the stuff that doesn't call for a little more of the same.

Some mothers find it hard to reconcile their idea of goodness with the fact that boys will be boys, but daddy usually knows how it is himself.

A Kansas woman is suffering from nervous prostration as a result of having written a book. The readers are doing as well as could be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon F. Johnson, of Washington C. H., Ohio, celebrated their sixty-fourth wedding anniversary the other day. They don't believe that marriage is a failure.

Miss Mary Coleman says the best suffrage argument is a right-hand swing to the jaw of the scoffing man." Mary is in no immediate danger of being flooded with marriage proposals.

"The bride was young and beautiful," says a Virginia paper, "her chestnut hair being in ringlets about her marble brain." How would you like to marry a girl with a marble brain?

At some ancient period a man whose stomach was not in good condition ate a cucumber and became very sick. Thus originated the tradition that the cucumber is loaded and will kill at forty rods.

A California poet's wife knocked him down and threw him out of the house because he couldn't earn money. From which we infer that it is difficult for a poet's wife to be a kindred soul on an empty stomach.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall says there are six degrees of love—emotive, delusion, fixed idea, rudimentary paranoia, psychic neurasthenia, episodic symptoms of hereditary degeneracy and psychic emotive obsession. How the victims must suffer!

TRADE EXCURSIONS ABROAD.

American manufacturers and wholesale merchants who have recently adopted another progressive idea and are making periodical automobile and trolley tours to visit customers in near-by states, will doubtless be surprised to learn that business men of Russia and Turkey have trade extension plans of much broader scope. Not long ago the Russians sent an "exposition ship" to Mediterranean ports stocked with a large line of Russian goods of all sorts. The experiment was a great success and the inhabitants of the various ports touched visited the ship in large numbers, examining and buying the goods and taking addresses. Now the newspapers of Saloniki are full of details of a "commercial pilgrimage" soon to be made to Italy by Turkish merchants.

Mr. George Horton, United States consul at Saloniki, suggests that American manufacturers might profit by sending an exposition ship to the Mediterranean, and, in an official report, he discusses the reasons why the United States fails to secure more business in Turkey. He shows clearly that Americans have no monopoly of up-to-date schemes and that the efforts which manufacturers of European countries, aided by their governments, make to capture the Turkish market are little understood in the United States. Europeans have their represenetatives on the spot; they send free samples; they establish commercial museums and extend reasonable credit to responsible firms. "About all the American exporter does," writes Mr. Horton, "is to send out a catalogue in English and wait for orders. If he gets one he refers the inquirer to his general agency in Constantinople, or replies that he will ship the goods when he gets the money."

THE NET OF FATE.

Dr. Crippen, then the Rev. Mr. Robinson, and Miss Leneve, posing as his son, were walking the deck of the Montrose. The wind blew aside the coat of the woman. "Aha!" cried the mate. In that swift moment he had beheld something that is no more common to the apparel of young men than a close shave is to young women. To offset the law of gravity as applied to trousers Miss Leneve had used a large safety pin.

A writer for the Saturday Evening Post has recently been setting forth several very interesting instances of circumstantial evidence. A murderer was traced by means of mud found upon a stone used a crossing over a bog. Someone had slipped, and recovering foothold, had left that spot upon the stone. A search was made for the shoe that would bear that same mud. It was found and its owner proved to be the murderer. A man who set fire to a building hired a livery-horse to reach the spot. A few days after, the same horse, by the merest chance, was taken over the same ground. He made every turn without guidance to the vicinity of the ruins. The man who had last hired the horse was looked for. He had committed the arson. The memory of the horse had betrayed him. Another man, committing arson, had taken kerosene to the spot in a bottle which had been used to hold an indigo mixture. He threw the bottle into the weeds, but it was found and the bluing still faintly showing gave the key to the criminal's identity.

Had Miss Leneve been coached in the utility of suspenders or belts, had the wind not blown when the mate was looking, Dr. Crippen might have escaped pursuit. By the little, inconsequential things are great consequences written, by such means does destiny cast its net.

THE MODEST MAN.

The President and I have done all we could to make this administration a success.—Secretary Ballinger.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb," said a poet justly obscure and lost to every memory save of folk who compile literary quotations. To be modest with lips closed is to let no one know that you're modest. It is to walk about among men who are unaware that you have anything to be modst about. The way to perform is clearly indicated by Secretary Ballinger—name someone else and share the glory with him. To grab it all is to be both piggish and immodest. And it will not do to put it as "me and Betty—we killed a b'ar." Mention a friend or a superior and the matter is delicately put while at the same time the information is set forth and placed on its track for distribution.

We have learned much of Secretary Ballinger, how a predecessor should act so as to avoid being denounced as a traitor, how to make a lie not seem a lie in the witness chair, how to bury the teeth in a job so that all the storms of heaven, the tremors of the earth and the dynamite of public opinion cannot shake one loose. We receive this contribution to the records of "pure and vestal modesty" quite as thankfully.

ABSENTEE LANDLORD RAILROAD

The Grand Trunk strike was one of the shortest ever held in the railroad industry. It required only a few days for the strikers to learn the lengths the company would go in fighting them and for the company to discover how solid was the front of the unions involved. But why should such a test have been necessary? What was there actually learned that might not have ben learned by a few hours of investigation?

The officers of the Grand Trunk are not wholly responsible for what appears to be rank stupidity. They had not only a stone wall in front of them in the shape of the workmen determined upon concessions to their demands, but they had an embankment of obstinacy behind them. The officers in Canada, as a matter of fact, were in a trap. The could, for a time, move neither way. For the Grand Trunk's greater affairs are conducted in London. It is there that the finances are arranged, the accounts audited, the actions of officers directed. Despite the swift steamer service and the ocean cables and the wireless telegraph, Lonon is a long ways from the scene of operation. It couldn't feel the least sympathy with the workmen. Nothing could be more vast than the gulf between director and trainman, and even the relations between operating officer and director were vague and impersonal.

The Grand Trunk railroad is doing wonderful development work in Canada besides compelling rival companies to build better and venture more. But it can never truly be a great road when absentee landlordism is its web and woof.

THE TROUBLES IN SPAIN.

The entire population of Spain is virtually Catholic in religion, the Protestants numbering about 7,000, Jews about 4,000 and other non-Catholics, 19,000. The nation, by the requirements of the constitution, supports the clergy and the buildings of the church, making an annual appropriation of $8,200,000 for the purpose. The religious orders have had a great influence, as history shows. They conduct schools and many of them possess highly prosperous industries. Of the 3,253 orders, more than 2,600 are for women.

The action of King Alfonso, which has brought about a crisis in Spain and now threatens revolution, was the signing of a decree which fixes a limit to the number of these religious orders and places all the denominations, Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, upon the same level in the sight of the law. The Bishop of Madrid denounces the decree as an "actual infraction of the constitution." Premier Canalejas, who persuaded King Alfonso to take this step, answered the Bishop of Madrid as follows:

I wish to speak in very plain terms. Never shall a foreign influence force the hands of this government. Never shall the power of the church in this country assert itself above the power of the state. I see a religious element in Spain which is inclined to invade a sphere with which it has nothing to do. * * * I have violated neither the Concordat with the vatican nor the constitution of my country. There are moments in life when a decisive step has to be taken. This moment has come for Spain, and we are taking the course which is the only one possible.

The answer, as the dispatches prove, has not quieted the ferment in Spain. While the clericals and anti-clericals hold demonstrations and counter-demonstrations within the country, while the Vatican takes extreme action in protest, several hundred exiles mass upon the frontier and threaten to invade the country unless granted amnesty. An incident of the agitation is the position of Barcelona, uncompromisingly against the government. Less than a year ago rioters in Barcelona directed their fury almost altogether against churchmen and their property. The change of sentiment is probably less a case of conversion than of determination to oppose the government in all things.

PROGRESSIVES IN KANSAS.

The victory of the progressive Republicans in the Kansas primaries ought to be a revelation to the congressional committee and the associated standpatters. We say it ought to be, but caution bids us admit that it probably will not be, for of all those who will not see, there are none so blind as the reactionaries.

The progressives would probably have made a clean sweep of the state but for the interference of local issues in two of the districts. Phillip P. Campbell, standpatter, won in the Third Kansas district because that is the one extensive industrial section of the state and there is excellent reason for the people there to be grateful for the boost in duties upon lead and zinc. D. R. Anthony, standpatter in the First district, was fortunate in his opponent, an able man, but one who has served as the state political comedian for a score of years. The season has proved a por one for jokes.

It is altogether fitting that in the return to old-fashioned Republicanism the Sunflower state should be found in the forefront. It is but justice to the memory of those who risked all for "Bleeding Kansas" that when the principles they established are written upon new banners, Kansas should flock to the support of those who carry them.

CHARLTON MAY GO FREE.

Italy, either because she dreads establishing an obligation or because she wishes to avoid the expense of the trial and imprisonment, has done nothing to bring about the extradition of Porter Charlton. The legal time is expired. Should she now ask for surrender the lawyers of Charlton can succeed in blocking justice. The prisoner cannot, under the law, now be sent abroad.

There are three courses for the attorneys and the family of Charlton to take. They can demand his release upon the ground that no charge against him is upon file. They can institute proceedings in habeas corpus. They can bring him into court for investigation into his sanity. Only by this last can anything really be done in the way of punishment or the protection of society against the passions of a young fiend. It is to be hoped that this is the course the Charlton family will take for the sake of decency and the rehabilitation of its good name. Free, Charlton will be but a walking mockery of justice. Placed in an asylum he will soon be forgotten and, in time, the stain of his crime will have faded from the mantle of an honorable family.

A Methodist missionary at Corea says the Japanese love us. As proof of his statement he can point to the fact that they never ate any of our missionaries.

The sultan of Sulu is coming to this country to look for his fifteenth wife. The sultan is said to be a kind and loving husband on a salary of $125 a month.

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, an American preacher, saw a hobble skirt in Paris. Having no gun with him, all he could do was to seek a place of safety.

Uncle Sam owes $1,296,436,833, but he is letting the other fellow do the worrying.

A Kansas doctor has found the grouch germ. Hope he muzzles it.

Industry may be hereditary, but the loafing habit can be acquired.

Iowa anti-insurgents don't seem to have a head left to stand on.

THE SKY PIRATE

Next week The Blade will begin the publication of The Sky Pirate, a new and fascinating serial story. The navigation of the air is a live topic just now, and this story is appropriate. The reader with imagination cannot help liking it.

THE FARMER AND THE AUTO.

Of 10,000 automobiles licensed in one of the western grain-growing states more than one-half are owned by farmers. It has been assumed that these machines were bought as luxuries, furnishing a cup for that thirst for spending which follows on fortune-making in a hurry. The local bankers have given this idea support by refusing to lend money upon automobiles and saying that altogether too much capital has been going into the vehicles.

Is it not rather that the farmer has seen the utility of the motor car in his industry? When harvest is on a piece of machinery breaks and it is 30 miles to would have been lost ordinarily in making repairs. Today the farmer can jump into his automobile and be back with a new part in three hours. Inspection of distant fields, the purchase of supplies, the marketing of vegetables and small fruits, the running of pumps, the sawing of wood, the stacking of hay—all these labors and more are performed by automobiles upon the farms of the ingenious. Nowhere else probably does the automobile put in more hours of usefulness and, of course, nowhere else can it be put to such varied work.

The western farmer is probably a good deal more practical than he seems to his banker and to those who haven't seen the automobile performing the duties of the hired hand.

AN INVENTION THAT MADE A HIT

Many great inventions require years of peddling among financiers and booming before the public before they come into anything like general use. The basic patents, so called, of the automobile were taken out long before the first practical motor car was put on the market. The Wright aeroplane patents have only thirteen years to run. But history tells the story of one mile-stone invention, the success of which was almost instantaneous, one that was appreciated from the start and inspired immediate and innumerable imitations.

Mr. H. B. Masser, in 1856, announced the invention of the ice-cream freezer. Ice cream had been made before, but it was a tedious and tiring process, calling for the expenditure of much manual energy. Masser, who was the editor of a newspaper in Sudbury, Pa., and therefore knew something about the art of publicity, brought his machine to general view at well worked up exhibitions. He called his mechanism the "Five-Minute Ice Cream Freezer," but he was able to prove by the watch that cream could be frozen in three minutes and a half. The life of that patent was a profitable one every minute. Masser did well with it. The confectionery shops, the hotels, the drug stores and the amusement parks have founded their business upon it. It is an institution and Masser deserves a monument, a heroic sized figure in the act of turning the freezer crank while an allegorical child beside it licks the dasher.

RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

The employe of a banking house in New York helped himself to securities and, putting these up as collateral, "played" the markets. His thefts are said to exceed $600,000 and, according to his own confession, he had no difficulty either in purloining the shares or in having them accepted without question in the brokers' offices.

This sort of thing has happened time after time in Wall street. The temptation is constant. The opportunity to gamble is always present. The history of the street is full of tragedies of embezzling employes, of faithless executors, of trustees who have speculated with property not their own. But while two or three of these "stories" come out of Wall street every year, one never hears that anything is ever done to make it difficult for the embezzler to dispose of securities, the brokers ever pursue a suspicion as to their customers, that the stock exchange seeks to punish those who accept large blocks of shares from persons who, for one reason or another, seem not to be the owners.

Perhaps Wall street might object to any embarrassment for the embezzler as action in restraint of trade.

LEONARD WOOD.

Of all those who met with favor in the eyes of Theodore Roosevelt, when he was President, there is none of whom he is more proud than of Leonard Wood. Mr. Roosevelt had to face a storm of criticism when he promoted Wood over the heads of many officers and he invited demoralization in the army because of it. It did seem rank favoritism at the time. As things have turned out it was a case of the selection of the fit, the lifting of an efficient administrator to a place where his abilities could shine and he could do the most good for his country.

Mr. Roosevelt, by the way of congratulating his friend upon his elevation to Chief of Staff, says:

Of all the work of the army officers, the greatest in amount and the greatest in variety of achievement must be credited to Gen. Wood. And, moreover, he has at times combined with singular success the functions of civil administrator and military commandant. In our country there are some kinds of success which receive an altogether disproportionate financial reward; but in no other country is the financial reward so small for the kind of service done by Leonard Wood. There is not another big country in the world where he would not have received a substantial reward such as here no one even thinks of his receiving. Yet, after all, the reward for which he most cares is the opportunity to render service, and this opportunity has been given him once and again.

Among the best of all in the career of Leonard Wood has been his success in commanding respect in the army. Jealousy he has not overcome—no one can in that service where jealousy is a tradition to which officers are bred—but he has made his fellows recognize his skill as an executive, his extraordinary industry and his determination to do all and everything in his power for the work to which he has pledged his life.

THE AMERICAN LOTUS.

In the dim past of our local history some one identified the yellow lily of the Maumee and the marsh streams as the lotus of Egypt and India. We know that we invite the cry of "iconoclast" by attempting to put this matter right. But the misinformation, pretty and mystic as it is, is becoming abused. It goes forth upon picture postcards. It gets tangled with the shreds of facts in the minds of press agents. It is warped and twisted and made ridiculous by elaboration.

In "Swiss Family Robinson," beloved of children, the beaver and the muskrat have the same geographical habitat as the lion and the elephant. The ostrich and the condor live together and shoals of salmon occupy the same waters as the sharks of tropical seas. The pine and the banyan tree and the cocoanut are in neighboring groves. Yet these mistakes of an honest, but careless student, are no more absurd than the idea that the lotus of the Nile can exist in our cool climate uncared for by human watchfulness. We might as well expect the date palm to be growing wild in the Bank woods.

After all, our lily is not wanting in romance. It was the chinkapin, or wankapin, of the Indians, and in the early fall the squaws gathered the pods and ground the seeds to a flour. It is believed that in places the Indians introduced this lily for its food value, and since they were not wanting in the artistic sense they undoubtedly appreciated the beauty of the flower. Hiawatha's canoe

"Floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

Why load a clean and beautiful American flower with a sensuous oriental delusion?

WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

Though she does not profess to hear the heavenly voices that commanded Joan of Arc to liberate France, Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, of Dover, has declared her candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor of New Hampshire and has promulgated her platform, which is in nowise related to partisan issues. She declares for women's suffrage and taxation of church property. Fortunately she will not be forced to take her chances in a state convention, either dominated by one boss or disorganized by many. For the first time, under a new primary law, candidates for state office will be nominated in New Hampshire this year by direct vote of the people September 6.

Mrs. Ricker is a widow, 70 years old, has traveled much, and is a member of the District of Columbia bar. She outranked 18 young men in the law class when they took the examination for admission to the bar. Robert G. Ingersoll, with whom she was associated in the famous Star Route cases, said she was the most sensible woman he ever knew. The New Hampshire people are finding zest in the novel political situation, while the attorney general is considering the eligibility of a woman for governor.

WILLIAM SENDS A LINE.

I live away up in the mountains of Virginia, where brooklets of pure water ripple down over white pebbles, making melody that would almost lull you to sleep. The wild flowers bloom all summer and the sweet-singing birds sit on the boughs overhead and warble their Creator's praise all day long. I have one sister, three brothers and a pretty sweetheart and plenty of friends. If I see this in print I will come again. — William Howell, Virginia.

We have seen a little of your mountains, Friend William—too little of them. We know that in the stone fenced hill-lots, the meadow-sweet, distant cousin to the rose, is blooming now that butterflies are serving the purple milkweed, F. F. V. of its tribe, that where the shade is deep the Virginia raspberry is breaking the laws of color harmony with green and magenta. Over where Old Baldy lifts his head—was there ever a hill country without a Baldy?—the evening mists start unrolling their banners and out of the gray valley, dusty and vague, comes the faint calling toot of the locomotive whistle. But, William, let it call and let the big white road beckon and invite—and never answer the call or accept the invitation unless you know in your heart that you are going back where the brooks run over white pebbles and where the brothers and the sister and the pretty sweetheart dwell. In all the world without—high and low and wide and far—you will never find birds that sing so sweetly, friends that are so fond of you, as in the hills of youth.

THE FORTUNATE FRIENDS.

For more than a score of years two men were friends. They lived in the same house in a New Jersey city, shared their confidences, their joys and woes—possibly very much as old friends will, with few words and little evidence of emotion. One was taken ill a month ago and last Saturday he died. The other was in another room at the time and, when sought he was dead. So far as may be guessed the two had died almost within the same instant.

Death is a lonely function. Except it be in accident or in battle, or in the rare occasions of plague, one must adventure into the vast unknown alone. A child whose every hour was dependence, a wife who all her days has been labored for, a hero who faced the world boldly whatever came, the master of men and the vagabond—each must take that first step across the divide without a hand to guide, so far as we surely know. But how different the journey when two friends, tried and true, take to the road together? What may be fearful becomes romantic. What may be hardship can be borne, for there is the company that can lighten misery. What is pleasing, what is strange, what touches the heart and moves the soul, are become the more wonderful when the comrade is by one's side. Fortunate men were these—to have such a friendship in life and in death.

It makes some women proud to have a disease that can't be pronounced by the neighbors.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WILL THE ORIENT TEACH CHRISTENDOM?

International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 4 Is, "The Laborers in the Vineyard," Matt. 20 1-16.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Here is a story in which Jesus seems at first sight to have sanctioned what was not "a square deal;" and a story which in its application throws light on present-day world-wide religious conditions. It is the perplexing parable of the laborers in the vineyard, some of whom bore the burden and heat of the day for the very same wage that was given to the men who began work near the close of the day. Perhaps it does credit to our innate sense of justice that most readers of the parable find themselves in sympathy with the complaints of the laborers who had toiled all day, and yet received no greater payment than the late-comers. The lesson is one that will give many a teacher of older pupils an uncomfortable half hour, owing to the sensitiveness of our day to all social questions.

A little careful thought removes most of the difficulties. Let us find out what the parable really means, and why it was related by Jesus.

Equal Wage for Equal Labor.

For equal labor there should be equal recompense; a woman who does the same work in an office as a man is entitled to the same salary. A black man should get the same wages as a white for the same work. A poor boy should not be discriminated against in favor of an official's son, when both are at the same sort of task. In a broad, general sense these propositions are unassailable, and almost axiomatic.

Deeper than these, though, is the question whether the denarius or penny (equal to 16 or 17 cents today, with a purchasing power many times greater), was a just stipend for a full day's labor. That is the real test of this parable. When it is granted that the full market price had been paid for the hire of the men who went earliest to work, we find the way open to other considerations.

So long as he is just with all, an employer may be lavish with some. There are other factors than time in employment, else the foreman might get less than the office boy. The quality of the work, and the worker's need and spirit, may so appeal to an employer as to cause him to pay one more than another. The labor union movement among newspaper reporters has never made much headway because of the impossibility of establishing a uniform wage among men whose work varies as greatly in quality.

The Employer's Freedom.

Multitudes of persons will be studying this lesson in the light of the labor question. Such should bear in mind the principal of the justice of the denarius a day paid to the men first hired. Society has a right to insist upon a living wage for all workers. After that the employer has rights which may not be invaded. It is his private affair if he wants to buy a red vest or a new automobile, or give a full day's wages to a man who comes to him with a hard luck story just before the whistle blows. There are personal rights of the individual which the state may not abrogate. If I choose to fee one sleeping car porter a hundred per cent above what I fee another, for reasons which I consider satisfactory to myself, who is to hinder or criticise me?

The parable may not be pressed too far any way. It simply means that God pays for waiting as well as for working. Readiness counts as service with him. He takes opportunity into consideration. The men who were hired at the 11th hour wanted work so badly that they sought it up to the close of the day. Look at the situation through the eyes of the man out of a job, and see how its aspect changes. The employer generously recognized the late-comers' need, as well as rewarded their actual labor. Perhaps it was the 11th hour laborers who actually saved the season's crop. We do not object nowadays to paying the specialist who comes to the sick room for half an hour at the crisis, tenfold what the family doctor receives for weeks of steady attendance.

When the Last Are First.

There is a striking passage at the close of the 11th chapter of Hebrews, following the narrative of the heroes of faith and their testings: "And these all—received not the promise, God having provided some better things concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect." There you have a principle that runs through life and illuminates this parable. The last is necessary to the fulfillment of the first. The work of the all-day toiler is completed by the 11th hour laborer. "Others have labored and we have entered into their rest." The work of the world is so inextricably interwoven that only the Omniscient can rightly apportion rewards. Nobody does a complete task; like the old cathedrals whose building consumed generations, each of us carries on toward completion another's task. It needs a mother, a teacher, a lover, an enemy and an event to produce a great writer.

When we consider the vineyard as a whole—which is always God's concern—we shall not be perplexed about seeming inequalities. The harvest is the thing. In the parable the householder's zeal for workers and the idle laborer's zeal for work, combined for the completion of the day's task. So it is in the kingdom. God is going to have his work done. Often he has been disappointed in the workers first chosen and has had to supplement them with others. Thus it comes to pass that the first are sometimes last, and the last first.

Enter the Heathen Nations.

A shock was given to the insular self-complacency of Christian denominations and counties at the recent wonderful World's Missionary conference in Edinburgh by the revelation, which many received for the first time, that the once-despised "heathen" nations are to have perhaps the greatest part in interpreting Christianity to mankind, and in bringing in the day of the Lord's complete triumph. Well might the complaint of the all-day laborers be echoed, "Are these latecomers to have equal reward with us?" After those 10 days on Edinburgh's historic hill there was not a person present who did not realize that apart from these newcomers the word and work of God is not to be made perfect.

High Church Anglicans were startled to find what a small figure they cut in a really ecumenical council; noisy free churchmen were abashed by the unquestioned devotion and godliness of the high churchmen. Both were amazed to find that outside the British Isles are mighty hosts of Christians indifferent to their disagreements and able to teach them much about work for the kingdom. All—British, Americans, Continentals—were chastened by the revelation that God's new legions, now swinging into line in the east and in Africa, have his favor to a degree that provokes heart-searching. As an American said to a Scotch audience, "You have unconsciously been assuming that Jehovah is an English-speaking God—with a Scotch accent."

The Great World Vineyard.

In God's great vineyard of the world he means that his work is to be done. He is not content with the cultivation of a little patch of it, jealously fenced off and placarded by men. He wants the whole crop harvested. His planting must come to fruition and be gathered. If his first chosen laborers are unequal to the task he will get others. God's will must be done; if not through then in spite of his friends. Somewhere in the market-place he will find workers; and those last hired will not fail of reward.

Consider the marked evidences of divine favor that have been bestowed upon the native churches of the Orient. Revivals, such devout souls in Britain and America have prayed for in vain, have been poured out upon Korea and India and Manchuria. Wonderful preachers of the Word, who are able to lead thousands to a decision for Christ, and hundreds to a dedication of themselves to the Christian ministry, have been raised up from amid those who a few years ago were heathen. Christian communities, like that in Korea, with its watchword, "A million converts this year," have undertaken the work of witness-bearing with a heartiness and a spirit of sacrifice that shame the older churches. The New Testament marks of discipleship are to be found most prominently on the mission field. Thus we read anew a present meaning into the old parable that "the first shall be last, and the last first."

A professor of philosophy at the Kansas state agricultural college complains that farmers' sons and daughters fall in love in the old way. We fear he will have some difficulty introducing practical methods.

A news dispatch tells of a southern governor who shot seventy-three doves in one day. A wonderful day's work from a sporting standpoint, but a pathetic performance to a person of heart and sentiment.

A Brooklyn woman has asked a court to give her an injunction to stop a neighbor's baby from crying. We would be willing to bet a small sum that she owns a barking dog.

Aunt Carrie Nation's home for the wives of drunkards has turned out to be a gratifying failure. There are not enough drunkards' wives to justify keeping the home open.

An enemy of the English sparrow has discovered that it is good to eat. This may mean the extermination of the sparrow, but the fly problem is still unsolved.

King Alfonso's throne is said to be tottering. Which must be quite discouraging to a young man who has just started out to raise a large family.

Senator Aldrich is going to build a $300,000 country home. He expects to feel quite cozy in spite of the high cost of living.

When a question of veracity is raised between two gentlemen the people usually reserve the right to their own opinion.

The scientists can think of a lot of fool things. One of them says man will have no use for feet 1,000 years hence.

A magazine writer argues that mother should work less. But she won't. Mother is happiest when working.

Dr. Cook is said to be living quietly not far from New York. Wherever he is, the doctor is certainly living quietly.

Lord Rosebery says England needs more men. There is no demand for a greater number of suffragettes.

One would think the Lord would get tired of hearing people pray for forgiveness week after week.

Senator Aldrich should know that it is not the part of wisdom to call a man a liar in hot weather.

Laura Jean Libbey is going on the stage, but it is not likely that she will meet Jack Johnson.

Being a Christian in a heathen country is dangerous. One hundred have been killed in Syria.

A good conversationalist is a person who can say something interesting about nothing.

So far as Uncle Joe Cannon is concerned Kansas can keep on bleeding and suffering.

A woman never looks more fierce than when she is fighting flies.

It is up to Senator Gore to furnish some facts and figures.

To an Electric Light.

Twinkle, twinkle, little arc,
With your very sickly spark!
Up above my head you swing—
You're a very ugly thing!

When the shades of night or coma
And I'm working hard at home,
Then it is your "system" works
With its splutters, jumps and perks.

I don't care what people say,
You've a bilious greenish ray,
And where'er they worship you
Everything is black and blue.

Very likely you surpass
Candles, oil and even gas;
Still, allow me to remark,
I don't like you, little arc!

—La Touche Hancock in N. Y. Sun.

JAPAN WOMEN IN THE MINES

Some of Them Work Same as the Men, Says This Author.

Marie C. Stopes, the author of A Journal From Japan, went to Japan for purely scientific purposes; to search for fossils in coal mines. She was something of a curiosity, but the Japanese scholars treated her with a courtesy and in a spirit of comradeship that made her work delightful. Miss Stopes is a scientist, but she has also an eye for beauty and a keen sense of the ridiculous. Her diary is an unconventional record which gives an intimate idea of life in Japan. Among other things she gives an account of a visit to a mine near which a beautiful house with templelike porch gate outhouses and servants' dwellings were being built.

"When we came to the mine," she says, "we found the owner to be a common workingman and we saw his wife going into the mine to work like the rest of the peasant women. A case of nouvaux riches retaining their old habits while their palace was being built. In the mines I have often come across women naked to the waist and up to the knee working underground with the men."

Spirit of Young America.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegram.

A teacher in a Philadelphia public school recently narrated the following account of how an aspiring young Italian citizen was beginning to show the effects of an American environment. The story, which was told at a teachers' association meeting, runs something like this:

Tony had been away from school about a week, and when he showed up one morning the teacher asked him where he had been.

"I ran away," said Tony.

"Ran away? What did you do that for?" asked the teacher.

"My father was going to lick me, so I thought I'd run away," was the reply.

The teacher, by further questioning, brought out the fact that Tony, for some trifling dereliction, had been threatened with a beating and had stayed away from home the best part of a week.

"But your father has the right to whip you," said the teacher.

"Yes, he may," added Tony, "but I was born in this country, and I don't want no foreigner to lick me."

The Maker.

New York Tribune.

"James A. Patten has a fine house in Chicago," said a New York broker. "I dined with him there one night last month.

"After dinner I admired a superb statue in the drawing room.

"'Splendid statue, that,' I said.

"'Splendid statue, that,' I said. "What's it made out of—bronze or copper?'

"'I made it out of cotton,' said Mr. Patten."

Force of Habit.

Punch.

Little Girl—"Mummy!" (No answer.) "Mummy! Are those swallows?"

Mummy (deep in her book)—"Yes, dear. Don't touch them."

Varieties

Wood is seasoned in France by electricity.

On an average a cow yields 250 gallons of milk a year.

As a rule a mile of railroad requires about 270 tons of metal.

It takes 16 tons of beetroot to make one ton of sugar.

After training, a good circus horse is worth from $3,000 to $5,000.

A tiny electric device is now used to test the action of the heart.

A pretentious electric plant in Hamburg is driven by a windmill.

Oil and coal are successfully burned together under boilers in England.

Wolf hunters of India are adepts at disguise themselves as peasants.

Fifty-six per cent of the students at Dartmouth college wear glasses.

The United States leads all others in the total number of patents issued.

Java coffee is being successfully raised in an experimental way in Porto Rico.

The United States fishing industry employed 229,119 persons at last report.

It is estimated that 60,000-horsepower can be developed from the St. Lawrence river.

About one in ten letters passing through the Russian postoffice is opened on general principles.

Freshly cut bark of the cork tree, heated, gives off a gas that can be used as an illuminant.

The city of Luxembourg will receive about $2,500,000 to develop electric power from the River Sure in Belgium.

More than 20,000 20-candlepower incandescent lamp filaments can be made from a single pound of tantalum.

One large electric company of this country spent during the last year nearly $1,000,000 in patents and patent litigation.

An electric motor has been invented to keep track of the number of seconds any telephone is in use during the day.

Boston's shopping district subway, which cost $10,000,000, is the most expensive mile of underground railroad in the world.

A Marathon julep, says the Birmingham Age-Herald, is one that is sipped whole through a straw without taking breath.

By pressing a button behind the counter a new electrical thief catcher for stores locks all doors and rings a bell in the street.

Plans are under way for placing all the trunk telephone lines between Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington underground.

George W. Aldridge, the Republican boss of Monroe county, New York, has a fire engine bought by the city of Rochester named after him.

To deal cards from a pack without danger of misdeals or turning a card over is the idea of a machine recently patented by a New York man.

The television, an apparatus enabling the operator to "see over telegraph wires" as a considerable distance, has been invented by a German scientist.

Two and a half millions will be spent to develop electric power from the River Sure in Belgium to provide power for the city of Luxemburg.

It has been estimated that if an elephant were as strong in proportion to its weight as a male beetle it would be able to overturn a skyscraper.

Two California men have patented an electric flatiron with an automatic cut-out, so that the current is used only when the iron is in actual operation.

Rail connection between Mexico City and Guatemala is about to be established by the building of a bridge 300 feet long, over the Suchiate river.

The Amazon valley, Brazil, in a single year yielded 81,888,984 pounds of rubber worth $55,000,000. A large portion of this rubber was used in the electrical industry.

An automobile foot warmer whose heat by the circulation of hot water from the cylinder jackets of the motor is a recent English invention.

Miss Eva Canfield is said to be the only ferrywoman in the northwestern states. A license to operate a ferry on Salmon river has just been given her.

A Philadelphian who saw a man crushed by trolley car wheels has invented a fender which may be dropped to the rails by a latch under the motorman's feet.

A Scotch inventor has perfected a sled-like machine which, when drawn over a road, accurately records on paper covered cylinder all irregularities in the road's surface.

A single turn of the handle of a new letter stamping machine cuts a stencil from a strip, moistens and affixes the registers the transaction and ejects the stamped letter.

The editor of the Raleigh News and Observer declares that if he ever gets rich he will endow a brass band and send it around the country to delight children and old folk.

Increases occurred in 128 of the 200 articles imported to the Philippines into the United States in 1909. Import duties collected in 1909 amounted to $6,901,772, an increase over 1908 of $398,149.

Mrs. Anita Comfort-Brooks, president of the Gotham club, who initiated the beef boycott in New York, calls her husband, A. Arthur Alfred Brooks, in full by the diminutive Brooksie.

The Episcopal women of Nebraska will be allowed to vote in church affairs if the amendment of the constitution adopted at the recent annual diocesan meeting is approved at the next year's meeting.

hTe Bank of England may issue notes against government securities to the extent of about $90,000,000, and any further issue must be covered by specie. The note issue has varied little from this in the present time.

The cause of beatification has been introduced at Rome of several negro martyrs who were martyred for the faith in Uganda, British East Africa. They will be the first martyrs of their race to receive the honors of the altar.

A 2 per cent grade is the limit of a steam engine. Between Cripple Creek and the town of Victor, Colo., the railroad makes grades of nearly 7 per cent, rising a thousand feet in three miles and this with the cars crowded.

The Southern Pacific railway, building along the Mexican west coast, is expected to reach Guadalajara in eighteen months. It has reached the Santiago river, and the line from Acaponeta to the river is being opened to traffic.

Ants will carry loads 40 or 50 times as heavy as themselves. The beetle will move a weight 112 times his own weight. The house fly gives 600 strokes of its wings in one second, and this enables it to go a distance of 35 feet.

"Resinite" is the name of a new substance invented in Germany, useful as a substitute for celluloid and ivory. Powders wood, paper and pasteboard, penetrable and makes pine, fir and other so hard that it rapidly dulls a plane.

Germans claim to possess the largest rose tree in Europe. It is found in Dr. Wehrle's garden at Freiburg. It extends 115 feet at the top and forms a spacious bower. Originally it was a wild rose, which a Chromatella tea rose was grafted in 1881.

The diamond shoals, off Cape Hatteras, the graveyard of the Atlantic, are to be protected by automatic electrical devices. The diaphragms of two fog megaphones are to be vibrated by electricity, producing a volume of sound which can be heard for miles.

A farmer or small trader in any part of Scotland, with one or two of his neighbors as guarantors, can establish a banking credit for a fixed sum. The bank honors his drafts for any am

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write our Association and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

HARMON STUDIES AEROPLANE AS FACTOR IN WAR TACTICS

New York, August 9.—Clifford B. Harmon announced at Garden City yesterday that henceforth he intends to follow aviation not as a pleasure, but along serious lines, and will devote himself chiefly to devising methods by which flying machines of all types will be of practical benefit to the United States army and navy.

Mr. Harmon expressed himself as being deeply impressed with the possibilities of the aerial machines for offensive and defensive purposes by the government, and has given much study to all that has been accomplished in that direction.

"Soaring through the air for pleasure is all well enough," said Mr. Harmon, "but there is a more serious side to aviation, and every man who flies a machine ought to try to make it of use to his country. That is what I intend to do from this time on. Sailing the air for pleasure will be decidedly secondary.

"However the aeroplane may be developed for utilitarian purposes in time of peace, I am convinced it will be of still more value in and after a time of war. With the fact established that it is possible to fly long distances at great speed in one of the machines, it now seems that the machine itself must become merely the vehicle for the greater things that can be accomplished by its use.

Tries Bomb Throwing.

"I am going to spend my time now in seeing what can be done with a flying machine in time of war, either on land or sea, and after establishing a definite goal or goals, I will attempt to make such improvements or additions to the machines as will make the object easy of accomplishment. Chief among the purposes of my research work will be the use of bombs projected at objects from an aeroplane. What is needed most is a device which will make practically certain the hitting of an object from the air.

"There is much to be considered in seeking a solution of this problem. The size, form and weight of the projectile must be considerad in their relation to the carrying capacity of the machine, as well as to its speed and altitude. The finer these factors are figured down, the nearer we will be to the achievement of our purpose."

Mr. Harmon intended today to drop bombs from his machine at the counterfeit presentments of battleships which he has had marked out on the aviation field, but there was a breeze of 25 miles an hour prevailing all the afternoon, which forbid an ascension.

Builds Mimic Fleet.

Mr. Harmon and several friends spent the better part of the day in perfecting the mock battleships, which have been outlined on the ground at the north end of the field. The larger vessel in the diagram is 560 feet long, that being the average length of fighting vessels, and it is flanked on either side in the rear by diagrams of torpedo boats at the regulation distance. Funnels, smoke stacks, bridges, conning towers and gun turrets are in perfect outline, and some of the parts are embossed on the surface lines, particularly the smoke stacks, which are at an elevation of several feet, so as to give an idea of relative heights as viewed from a machine sailing the air.

The smokestacks and funnels are covered with heavy brown paper at their openings, so that in the event of their being struck from above, the paper will show the perforation. The bombs Mr. Harmon will use in an effort to strike the mimic battleship and torpedo boats from his machine are made of plaster of paris loaded with confetti and fine powder, so that a puff of white, smokelike dust will follow their explosion on contact.

Use in Life Saving.

Mr. Harmon also is at work on a plan to have all coast life saving stations, and also seagoing vessels equipped with aeroplanes, so that, in the event of a wreck on the coast, it will be possible to carry a line to or from the land, and thus establish a breeches buoy system for saving the passengers.

Joseph Seymour left the aviation field yesterday for Long Beach, where he intends to make several flights in his Curtiss biplane.

DREAD CHOLERA SCOURGING RUSSIA; THOUSANDS FLEE

Pittsburg, August 6.—Russia's scourge, the cholera, continues to spread with most alarming rapidity, particularly in the southern mining districts and in St. Petersburg, where the conditions are fast approaching the proportions of the great epidemic of 1908.

Figures furnished today by the central sanitary bureau show that in the week from July 24 to July 30, the latest available complete figures, there were 15,244 cases of cholera and 6,-944 deaths.

Of these 4,780 cases and 2,233 deaths were reported from the province of Yekaterinoslav and the territory of the Don Cossacks in South Russia.

Panic Among Miners.

A report from the United Mine Owners' association, covering 48 mines and four foundries, gives 2,970 cases and 1,250 deaths. The extent of the panic among the miners is shown by figures furnished from 18 mines, from which 18,000 of the 46,000 employes have fled.

In answer to the appeal of the association for special measures to check the epidemic and stem the panic which threatens to stop the production of coal and iron in South Russia, the government today decided to send to the mining region a special commission to study the situation, and to organize sanitary preventive work.

The mine owners, it is announced, will bear a considerable part of the expense of fighting the scourge. The provincial assembly of Yekaterinoslav today assigned $200,000 for the cause.

Railroaders Desert.

The desertion of work by the laborers extends also to the railroad employes and the workmen in the ports in South Russia, threatening to cripple the export movement of grain. Advices from Yekaterinoslav report that the transportation of the crops is at a standstill.

The epidemic continues to make enormous progress in the capital, where the daily average of cases jumped last week to 30. Yesterday 182 cases or suspected cases of cholera were taken to the hospitals, and there were 30 deaths. The hospitals now contain 962 cases of cholera. The high record reached in 1908 was 412 cases per day.

TEST EASY TO SUPPLY

The test for tuberculosis in cattle is such a simple, easy test to apply that it would seem that most any one would be able to apply it with perfect results, and when it is applied as it should be the results are absolutely reliable. In getting the herd ready to test it is wise to water them about noon and house them. Permit them to stand about three hours. At 3 o'clock you can take the temperatures. The normal temperature varies from 99 to 103 degrees. No animal with a temperature higher than 103 should have tuberculin injected. You take three temperatures, the first being taken at 3 o'clock, then one at 5 and another at 7. After the 7 o'clock temperature you inject tuberculin by the use of a syringe, using 2 c. c. of tuberculin for the ordinary 1,000-pound cow. After the tuberculin is injected the herd should be watered, and they should not be watered again until 2 o'clock the following day unless they can drink whenever they want to. The following morning at 6 o'clock you take temperatures, then again at 8, 10, 12 and 2, at which time the test is finished. After the test is finished if there is an abnormal rising of temperature over the temperatures of the first day your herd should be divided into three clases—healthy, suspicious and condemned. A cow whose temperature rises over 103 or 104 may be considered suspicious. Over 104 up to 107.2, are usually reactors and tuberculous.

ALFALFA NEEDS FOOD

It is important to know that there is little difference between successful alfalfa growing and the successful growing of other crops. Poor farming never brings big crops, nor will poor land produce as big yields as the more fertile. Failure to restore to the soil the necessary elements of which it has been robbed means the same in New York, Kansas, Virginia or anywhere else. Every farm plant, to prosper, must find in the soil, readily available, the elements needed for its development. If a farmer finds the soil lacking in elements needed for certain crops he should either supply the deficiency or not attempt their raising. This is true of corn or wheat, cotton or tobacco, no less than alfalfa.

HIGH PRICES FOR HOGS

How to keep the brood sow on the farm, that is the big problem evolved by the high prices of hogs at Chicago and other markets, prices so high some of the packers have announced the determination to suspend pork packing for a period, because it has become unprofitable. Alarm is expressed by agricultural papers that breeding animals will be sold during the period of high prices. There is basis for the fear, for the low prices which followed the panic of 1907 had the effect of sending brood sows to market, and the present scarcity of hogs is partly due to that fact. Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture pointed out in his report of 1909 that the 1907 price of hogs was very low, and many farmers sent their breeding sows to market under the apprehension that the then prevailing low price of hogs would continue. By that operation the number of breeding sows in the country was much depleted. It is the irony of fate that the reaction which has followed this, and the scarcity brought about by the sale of brood sows has advanced the price of pork to more than twice what it was in 1907. And now, again, this is inducing farmers to sacrifice breeding animals. It is expected that before long a movement of a comprehensive character will be put on foot to prevent these tendencies.

GOATS AND HAZEL BRUSH

A. B. Wilson, of Putnam county, Illinois, has a large woodland farm a few miles from his home place. One 50-acre field of it containing hazel brush and blackberries was fenced hogtight and a carload of goats put upon it three years ago. The first year they killed every blackberry bush. The second year they destroyed the hazel brush and the third year everything in the field is dead except the largest timber, and the ground is now clean, with a good stand of grass. He says there is no great profit in these goats, but they do clean up the land very effectively. They kill practically every green thing to which they have access. They are bought in the spring and sold in the fall and have to be fed only in winter. They are fenced in with woven wire 26 inches high and three wires above it. He will buy 500 or 600 goats for similar work next year.

Mr. Wilson has had a live stock partnership with his tenant on this timber farm for three years, sheep and hogs being raised. Three hundred ewes were bought and they and their lambs, about 600 in all, were fed. Disease took a number of these sheep in spite of what was done for them, but for this the project would have been successful. The hogs did better and made some money in feeding 120.

HOUSTON JUMPS UP TO 78,800

Washington, August 6.—Houston, Texas, has a population of 78,800 according to figures enumerated for the Thirteenth census, made public today by Director Durand of the census bureau.

This is an increase of 34,167, or 76.6 per cent over the population of 1900, which was 44,633.

I Treat Eyes Free

For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am curing weak eyes, sore eyes, granulated lids wild hairs, cataracts, scums, all eye diseases and failure of sight. I will send a full course of my remedies with eye cup by mail. Sent prepaid, to all sufferers. Write me, describe your case. **Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 316, DesMoines, Ia.**

TAFT HONORS PILGRIMS

President Chief Speaker at Dedication of Memorial in Provincetown.

Provincetown, Mass., August 5.—No greater duty ever devolved on Provincetown's two criers, George Washburn Ready and Walter Smith, than their announcement today of the coming of President Taft and the dedication of the granite shaft on Town Hill erected to the memory of Pilgrim Fathers.

This old custom of crying important events through the streets of the town remains intact in Provincetown.

The corner stone of the monument was laid August 7, 1907, by President Roosevelt, its dedication by President Taft today attracted a crowd that taxed to their limits the narrow streets of this old fishing town. A fine northwester was blowing straight across the bay from Beverly to Cape Cod and running before the wind the President's yacht, Mayflower, came flying across the water to be welcomed by a mighty array of the nation's naval power.

2,000 Sailors Ashore.

Preparations for receiving the crowd and the distinguished guests were completed last night and before the exercises today the fleet sent ashore a couple of thousands of its sailors who formed along the streets from the wharf where the President landed to the grand stand.

The principal act of the dedication of the monument was the unveiling of a bronze tablet over the door facing the arbor which was given by President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

Eight of the great war vessels were here to greet the President, the Connecticut, Michigan, Mississippi, Idaho, South Carolina, Louisiana, Kansas and New Hampshire.

As the Mayflower headed in the first gun boomed from the flagship Connecticut, followed by 21 guns from all the ships. The sailors manned the rails and the entire ships' companies stood at attention.

President Taft's opening words at the dedication were descriptive of the landing of the pilgrims at Provincetown, and the causes which drove them from England. In conclusion he said:

"It is meet, therefore, that the United States, as well as the state of Massachusetts, should unite in placing here a memorial to the pilgrims. The warships that are here with their cannon to testify to its national character, typify the strength of that government whose people have derived much from the spirit and example of the heroic band. Governor Bradford, Elder Brewster, Captain Miles Standish are the types of men in whom, as ancestors, either by blood or education and example, as citizens, the American people may well take pride.

NEW YORK FINANCIER DIES

J. Edward Simmons Was High Mason in State.

Mohonk Lake, N. Y., August 5.—J. Edward Simmons, the New York banker, died here early today, following a period of a year or more, in which he had been suffering from impaired health. His death at this time, however, was not expected.

Mr. Simmons was widely known as a financier and publicist, and his activities extended into many fields, more particularly those connected with finance.

He had been president of the Fourth National bank since 1888, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the state or New York since 1907, and was an official of many corporations, the offices he held at the time of his death including the presidency of the Panama Railroad Co. and a trusteeship in Williams college, from which institution he was graduated in 1862. He had served terms as president of the New York stock exchange and as president of the board of education of New York city and as grand master of Masons of New York.

READS DEMS. OUT OF PARTY

W. J. Bryan Assails Those Who Voted for Lorimer.

Lincoln, Ill., August 5.—In a statement published in his paper today in reference to the meeting held recently in Lincoln, Ill., to protest against legislative corruption, William J. Bryan declared that the Democratic legislators who voted to elect William Lorimer to the United States senate should be read out of the Democratic party.

"Any Democrat who voted for Lorimer for 'patriotic' reasons ought to be retired to private life and kept there long enough to learn what patriotism means," said Mr. Bryan. "It is almost dangerous to have a fool in the legislature as a knave.

"He is not fit for any representative position—it is hardly safe to allow him to run at large. Turn them out! the party cannot pause to defend those who are guilty or who, if innocent, have aroused suspicion which can never be removed."

LOOKS AFTER HER 500 RATS

Woman, Turned Out of Home, Has a Busy Time.

St. Louis, August 6.—While nearly 500 white rats squeaked in their open cases and played about her feet, Miss M. C. Metzger, owner of the animals, who had just been evicted from her home, patrolled the sidewalk late this afternoon and, with the assistance of two patrolmen, protected her pets from neighboring dogs, cats and boys.

The rats are of imported strains, according to Miss Metzger. Most of them are Japanese animals and some are of the Chinese variety. All are pure white except the Chinese, which have a broad black stripe down the middle of their backs.

The animals are in demand from medical students and colleges, says the owner of the rat farm, and she has a contract calling for the delivery of 300 this fall.

HUMAN CHAIN SAVES FIREMAN

Man Who Jumped in River Is Rescued by Policemen.

New York, August 6.—By forming a human chain today, three policemen rescued Thorlies Boe, a fireman on a harbor lighter, who had jumped into the East river.

Boe was carried by the tide under the pier to which the lighter was moored. The cries of the crew brought three patrolmen, who crawled out on the stringpiece. Policeman Demondy caught hold of Policeman McGee's feet, while the latter caught those of Officer Devoe and the latter was lowered head foremost under the pier. He managed to grasp Boe, who was then drawn from the water and sent to a hospital. He will recover.

THIS IS A REAL MEAN TRICK

Burglar Makes Woman Keep Dog Away From Him.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 6.—Mrs. H. L. Davidson has asked the police to find a burglar who had compelled her to guard him from the attacks of her own watch dog while he ransacked her house in daylight. Mrs. Davidson said the man came to the rear of her home and finding her on the screened porch fastened her to a post by means of a rope tied to one of her feet. Then he told her to call the dog, which was taking a nap inside the house.

"Now you hold Fido," he instructed her, "and if you let him loose and he bites me I will shoot you and him."

Mrs. Davidson held Fido and the burglar found $1.50 in a purse.

CALF BEARS TWAIN LIKENESS

Mark on Side Resembles Bust of Great Humorist.

Alburtis, Pa., August 9.—Almost at the same moment that Mark Twain died a calf was born near here with a figure in the field of white that encircles its body closely resembling the bust of the peer of American humorists.

Maybe many monuments will be raised in the country to the memory of the man who has made America laugh and laugh again, but W. F. Walker, owner of the oddly marked calf, asserts this will be the most distinctive of them all.

Mr. Walker lives along rural delivery route 1. He has quite a herd of cattle, but the calf with the image of Mark Twain on its side is easily the most-prized animal in his stables. Scores of persons have visited his farm just to see the curiosity, and scores have gone away shaking their heads dubiously, wondering how the seeming miracle has come about. You couldn't buy the calf; the animal isn't for sale, and so far as Mr. Walker is concerned, it won't be placed on the market.

Writing of the wonder-calf, Mr. Walker says:

"This calf was born April 21, 1910, about the same moment that Mark Twain died. If you knew Mark Twain, you will know if the image on the side of the calf is his likeness. The picture is just as natural as the calf and is just as it shows at any time and in any position."

GUESS IS 90,000,000

Census Men Say How Big U. S. Is Now.

Washington, August 8.—It will be about the middle of October before the people of the United States learn their true number as revealed by the official count of the thirteenth census. It is generally believed that the number will be about 90,000,000, and census officials are known to share in this general belief, although officially they know nothing about it. This belief is based on the fact that an increase slightly in excess of the 13,000,000 increase during the previous decade would bring the population in 1910 to the 90,000,000 mark.

Three Hundred Work on Population.

About 300 of the more than 1,800 clerks in the census office are compiling population figures only, while the others are working on other statistics. Contrary to the general opinion, all the counting of the people is done by hand, the tabulating machines being used only in classifications.

Enumeration figures will continue to be given out day by day for the next two months or more, while the sociological and industrial figures will come later. All enumeration figures are counted from three to four times and an investigation is ordered if there is any suggestion of an error. In two cases, evidence of fraud has been discovered, and in one, Great Falls, Mont., a prosecution has been undertaken for fraudulent enumeration.

The intention of Director Durand is to tabulate first the population of the large cities, after which the figures for the state will be given out as they are ascertained, the returns for all counties in the state being announced at the same time as the figures for the state.

THEATRE LURES LENEVE

Girl in Crippen Case Offered $1,000 Per Week.

Quebec, August 6.—The Belle Elmore murder horror reached the inevitable commercial stage today, when Miss Leneve received a telegram from a New York theatrical manager, offering her $1,000 a week for an indefinite engagement in vaudeville to begin immediately upon her release from prison, in the event that she is set free.

Whether the girl, who is jointly charged with Dr. Crippen with guilty knowledge of one of the most brutal and repulsive crimes of the decade, will elect to make an asset of her notoriety, was not made known this morning at the provincial jail, where the two prisoners are confined, awaiting extradition to England.

Dr. Crippen and Miss Leneve are now being permitted to receive and despatch telegrams and cablegrams, free of the censorship heretofore exercised by Inspector Dew. The provincial authorities are passing upon the messages that come and go.

Each of the prisoners received several communications today.

ALFONSO NEAR DANGER

On Board Lipton's Yacht in Accident.

Cowes, Isle of Wight, August 6.—Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock, on which King Alfonso of Spain is aboard as a guest of the owner, was dismasted today. A stiff breeze was blowing and a heavy rain was falling.

Ill luck for the second time follows Sir Thomas Lipton in entertaining royal guests upon his racing yachts. King Edward having been a guest upon Shamrock II. when the challenger for the America's cup was dismasted and wrecked by a sudden squall on the Solent, May 22, 1901.

King Edward had a miraculous escape from injury when the topmast and then the heavy steel mast gave way in the squall, the wreckage, steel cables, heavy blocks and sails coming down all over the deck of the yacht. A heavy block fell between Lady Londonderry and Mrs. W. G. Jameson and a wire rope struck the owner upon the head, momentarily stunning him.

King Edward, who had started to go below, was half in and half out of the companionway, and when the owner and crew of the yacht recovered from their consternation was seen clambering over the wreckage, trying to ascertain whether any one was injured and the extent of the damage.

GIRL BEATS MEN SWIMMERS

Fifteen-Year-Old Miss Makes 12 Miles in Almost Record Time.

Boston, August 8.—A 15-year-old Dorchester girl, Rose Pitnoff, today succeeded in swimming from Charlestown bridge to Boston light, a feat attempted many times by most of the best distance swimmers of the east, but heretofore accomplished by but one person, Alois Aderle, of New York. Seven men competed against Miss Pitnoff today, but the cold and the baffling tides and currents that have made this 12 miles course one of the severest attempted by swimmers in this country, forced them out of the water.

The girl was in the water 6 hours, 50½ minutes, as against the 5 hours, 38 minutes, of Aderle, who swam on August 29, last year.

LET WOMEN REIGN IN HOME

Cardinal Gibbons Is Against Woman Suffrage.

New York, August 3.—Cardinal Gibbons, who is here on his vacation and is stopping with his friend, Mgr. James Duffy, rector of St. Agnes' church, has come out against woman suffrage.

"I am not in favor of allowing women to vote," he declared. "There are so many better things to engage their attention. Let them reign in the kingdom of the home, which is their proper sphere."

Cardinal Gibbons refused to discuss the present strained relations of the vatican with Spain.

ROOSEVELT ENDS TRIP

Stops on Way to Oyster Bay and Says He Enjoyed the Journey.

New York, Aug. 4.—Ex-President Roosevelt returned to New York early today from his trip in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. He said he was going to Oyster Bay.

His midnight reception at the rectory of the Rev. Father J. J. Curran in Wilkesbarre, which was attended by several thousand persons, was an enthusiastic affair. The streets were jammed for a block each way from the parish house, and when Colonel Roosevelt arrived he found it almost impossible to escape from the pressure.

Father Curran threw his arms around the colonel and tugged at him, and a policeman placed his hands on the colonel's back, and pushed with all his might. In this fashion he at last reached the house.

Colonel Roosevelt received no visitors at Oyster Bay today. Tomorrow he will be at his editorial office. He said today that the result of his investigation in the soical life of the miners had been most satisfactory, and that he had enjoyed the trip greatly.

Hailed by People.

An incident typical of the day's happening yesterday occurred at Wyoming, a mining hamlet a few miles above Wilkesbarre. An old Irish woman stepped up to him, and thrusting out her hand exclaimed:

"Hello, Teddy. You're looking fine." The former president grinned with delight and said he was glad to see her.

"You're looking fine, too," he said.

"Yes, indeed," said the woman. "I'm strong as you are, and you're a fine lump." The colonel drove away, still smiling.

In all, the colonel passed through 15 towns yesterday.

John Mitchell, former president of the United Mine Workers of America; the Rev. Father J. J. Curran, of Wilkesbarre, and the Rev. Father J. J. O'Donnell, of Stowell, Pa., rode in the automobile with him. At Brookside, the first stop, a group of men, most of them barefooted, stood idly in front of a store and looked up with mild curiousity as the automobile swept up. One of the group, however, recognized Colonel Roosevelt, and hailed him as "Teddy," by which name he went from morning to night whenever there were miners around. Colonel Roosevelt stopped, shook hands all around and chatted for a few minutes.

A Broad Compliment.

There was one woman in the crowd who appeared to weigh about 275 pounds. Close by her side was a woman who looked as if she would not tip the beam at 100. The large woman brought up six children, which she said were hers, every one, and she introduced them to the colonel. Then she turned to the small women and said:

"Ain't he handsome, Minnie?" The colonel heard her,but looked as though he did not believe the compliment was meant for him. Then he gave the signal to the chauffeur, and, mid cries of "Good-bye, Teddy," the car shot away.

At Pittston, a town of 10,000, Mrs. Mary Lewis, an elderly woman, pushed through the crowd until she managed to reach the colonel's side.

"I'm the mother of five children," said she.

"Fine, fine," Colonel Roosevelt exclaimed. He grasped her hand, hardened by years of heavy work, peered into her faded blue eyes and said:

"Do you know, my opinion is that the average American is always a pretty good citizen, but many times his wife is a better one." And as the automobile moved away the former President took off his hat to the miner's wife who was the mother of five children.

Pittston made a day of it. The streets were filled with crowds, many of the houses were decorated with flags and children in the streets waved the colors. Everybody cheered as Colonel Roosevelt went by.

MAKES AIR TRIP AT NIGHT

Welshman Breaks a Record for Flights in England.

London, August 8.—A young Welshman named Willows has made a daring night journey in a small dirigible airship of his own construction, driven by a British motor.

Starting from Cardiff at 8 o'clock Saturday night, he made Crystal palace in London his objective point. He was guided by the lights of the towns along the way. Nearing the palace, however, his petrol became exhausted and he drifted about for a time, finally descending safely near Lee, a southern suburb of London, in Kent, at 6 o'clock Sunday morning.

He covered 160 miles, which is a record for an airship flight in Great Britain.

WOOD WANTS FIGHTING MEN

Army Chief Centers Efforts on Soldiers and Equipment.

Washington, August 8.—The enlisted strength of the army during the present fiscal year has been fixed approximately at 87,000 men under the arrangement of the estimates by Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff, and approved by President Taft.

General Wood's plan is to use the army appropriation for soldiers and materials and make reductions in other directions. The new chief of staff wants an army of fighting men equipped for business and says he is willing to make sacrifices in other ways to obtain it.

THE VERY TIME

When Powerful Food Is Most Needed.

The need of delicate yet nutritious food is never felt so keenly as when a convalescent gets a set back on account of weak stomach. Then is when Grape-Nuts shows its power for it is the most scientific and easily digested food in the world.

"About a year ago," says a Kansas woman, "my little six-year-old niece, Helen, left the invigorating and buoyant air of Kansas, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in the more quiet atmosphere of Ohio. She had a complete change of diet consisting of a variety of food, and, of course, a change of water, somehow she eventually contracted typhoid fever.

"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, wishing to get something delicate and nourishing, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food for her and it turned out to be just the thing.

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings and began to gain health and strength so rapidly that in a short time she was well, playful and robust as if she had never been ill.

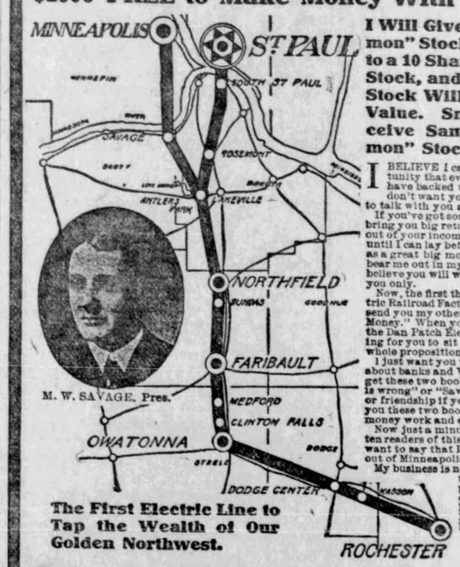
"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominating factor in saving the sweet little girl's life."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Electric Interurbans are Proving to be Big Money-Makers

I Am Building the Dan Patch Electric Line and Offer You this $1000 FREE to Make Money With Me in This Enterprise



The First Electric Line to Tap the Wealth of Our Golden Northwest.

I Will Give You $1000 in the Voting "Common" Stock, Absolutely Free, in Addition to a 10 Share Investment in Our Preferred Stock, and I Believe this Free "Common" Stock Will Increase to Over $2000 Cash Value. Smaller Investments Will Receive Same Proportion of Free "Common" Stock.

WHY WALL STREET RULES WITH THE PEOPLES MONEY

BOOK OF ELECTRIC RAILROAD FACTS

I BELIEVE I can show you the best electric investment opportunity that ever came to your notice—I firmly believe it and I have backed up my belief by a $100,000 investment myself. I don't want you to say "yes" or "no" until you give me a chance to talk with you a little while.

If you've got some money that you want to place where it will bring you big returns, or if you want to invest a little each month out of your income, give me your careful attention for a little while until I can lay before you an investment proposition that strikes me as a great big money maker for the people, and the indisputable facts bear me out in my judgment—I want you to have all the facts and then I believe you will want to put your money where it will work for you and you only.

Now, the first thing to do is to send you my big 40-page "Book of Electric Railroad Facts," which I'll mail you free and at the same time I also send you my other book called "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money." When you get these two books which contain all the facts about the Dan Patch Electric Railroad and about me, personally, then I'm willing for you to sit in the quiet of your home and pass judgment on the whole proposition.

I just want you to have these two free books that will open your eyes about banks and Wall Street and investments in general; and when you get these two books I'll take my chances on whether you'll say "Savage is wrong" or "Savage is right," and it won't interfere with our dealings or friendship if you never invest a dollar or never write me again. I offer you these two books free—I want to show you how you can make your money work and earn for you.

Now just a minute, while I give you a few facts. Perhaps nine out of ten readers of this paper know me already, but to those who do not, I want to say that I've been doing a national and international business out of Minneapolis for the past 22 years.

My business is now the largest of its kind in the world—made so by the continued patronage of nearly three million thinking, progressive, hard working farmers and stock-raisers. These people are my friends and customers—thousands have already invested in my new enterprise—some from your own State and from every State in the Union and every Province in Canada. I have built up a number of big enterprises here in the Electric Line, owned and controlled by the people.

OUR SPLENDID 57-FOOT, ALL-STEEL CARS COMMENCED RUNNING IN JULY, 1910

Dan Patch Electric Railroad

The Dan Patch Electric Railroad runs from Minneapolis to Rochester, and back from Lakeville to St. Paul—130 miles.

I am not merely "thinking" of building this Railroad, I am really building it now—grading on the first section is completed and cars are running. We have started grading on the last division from Owatonna to Rochester.

I am working to make this the best constructed and biggest dividend-paying Electric Railroad in the country. High-class Electric Roads from New York to Spokane are great money-makers. I tell you all about it in my Big Book. This is the second time I have given the people a chance to share with me—my other new enterprise paid 10 per cent—the dividend checks were mailed out on June 1st.

Now is your chance to share with me in this enterprise—the greatest of them all. I will give you $1,000 in voting stock in addition to a small investment. I want to send you the estimated net-profit statement, showing how your investment can rapidly increase in cash value. This information is contained in my Big Book of Electric Railroad Facts. I want you to have it even though you never invest a dollar, and I am especially anxious for you to have my new Book, "Why Wall Street Rules with the People's Money."

You'll be backward about sending for these books. I want you to have them and they won't cost you a cent—they are free. I want to show you some of these Wall Street secrets will open your eyes. I want to show you how the people's money works for Wall Street. I want to show you how to make your money work for you and for no one else.

Send For The 2 Books Now.

MAIL ME THE FREE COUPON

I am not drawing any salary and I have not received any free stock except with the preferred stock I bought. I cannot make any money except by the rapid increase in value of the "common" stock. I personally guarantee to protect your stock equally with my own and that it will make exactly the same per cent of profit. This is truly a people's road that is owned and controlled by the people.

I offer you the "Common" Stock Free instead of giving it to Wall Street. It is the "common" stock that has made the great railroad fortunes—"common" stock will make you rich if you carefully select it. Do you know of anything as good as the Dan Patch Electric Line?

M. W. SAVAGE, President

Minneapolis - - - Minnesota

Dear Mr. Savage:—I don't know whether I'll invest any money or not, but would like to read your two Books—without any obligation on my part—"Book of Electric Railroad Facts" and "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money."

Name.....

Post Office.....

State..... Toledo Blade

M. W. Savage, President and Treasurer, Dan Patch Electric Line, Minneapolis, Minn.

TARIFF REVENUES UP

Income Under New Bill Breaks All Records Save That of 1907.

Washington, August 8.—The Payne-Aldrich tariff law has produced in its first year a revenue greater by $75,000,000 than the sum collected in any year in the country's history except the banner year 1907, according to treasury department figures issued today. The second year of operations of the new tariff began today.

During the first full year, ending last Saturday night, the total ordinary receipts, including customs, ordinary internal revenue, corporation tax and miscellaneous, aggregating $678,850,816, exceeded disbursements by $20,214,029. These ordinary receipts were greater by $15,000,000 approximately, than during 1907, and the 1907 receipts exceeded those of any other year on record by almost $60,000,000.

Shows a Surplus.

While there was a deficit of $58,734,955 in the ordinary operations of the government in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1909, there was a surplus of more than $20,000,000 in the year ending last Saturday, according to the department.

The corporation tax revenue was $27,090,934, which is only $207,000 less than the amount assessed. If the government were reimbursed for the Panama canal expenditures of $35,283,019 during the tariff year by proceeds of the sale of a part of the authorized issue of Panama bonds, the treasury working balance, it is claimed, would be increased to $150,000,000.

Lax methods no longer prevail at the customs houses, it is said, and to rehabilitation of service and improved morals are attributed an estimated augmentation of $12,000,000 in revenues at New York alone.

7 HURT IN EXPLOSION

Accident on English Submarine Spreads Disaster.

Portsmouth, Eng., August 6.—Two officers and five men were dangerously injured today by an explosion of petrol on the navy submarine A 1. So great was the force of the explosion that the coxswain was blown completely out of the conning tower and fell into the sea.

The A 1 seems ill-fated, being the same boat which was sunk in collision off Portsmouth in 1904 early in its career, all aboard being drowned.

The A 1, a single screw boat of the modified Holland type, is 100 feet in length and 12 feet 8 inches beam. She has a displacement of 180 tons. She was sunk off Nob lightship on March 18, 1904, and her crew of 11 was drowned. Later, she was raised and the bodies of the officers and men recovered.

CHINESE TO BUY AEROPLANES

Will Equip Perfectly for Modern Warfare.

Washington, August 5.—Two first class battleships, four heavy protected cruisers, ten destroyers and an indeterminate aeroplane equipment is the semi-official list of naval contracts which China is now ready to give to satisfactory bidders.

These ships are to be the first step in the reorganization and enlargement of the Chinese navy. The work will be begun early in 1911.

Officials here believe bids will be formally invited some time in October. New York and London will receive them.

OHIO CROPS ARE IMPROVED

Columbus, August 4.—The August state crop report shows that the wheat has improved the equivalent of half a bushel per acre and total state yield is now placed at 24,317,629 bushels.

Oats has also risen from a condition of 104 per cent to 108 per cent.

Corn is said to be in encouraging condition, though in some sections it needs rain.

SEIZE 6,000 GUNS

Authorities Find Sinister Preparations Near Scene of Expected Riot.

Balboa, Spain, August 8.—Six thousand rifles were seized by the authorities today on board a tug which had been chartered to go to San Sebastian, where the great anti-governmental demonstration was proposed to be held yesterday before the clerical leaders abandoned the manifestations.

Local authorities at San Sebastian had held that the Carlists were planning to take advantage of the Catholic manifestation to start a movement against the government. No statement, however, is made as to which party to the conflict chartered the tug and loaded it with arms.

San Sebastian Quiet.

San Sebastian, Aug. 8.—The city continues tranquil, no further attempt at demonstrations having been made since a group of the more hot-headed clerical adherents yesterday gathered on the street with shouts of "Death to Spain! Long live the pope!" The troops, however, will remain in the summer capital for several days.

The authorities have the greatest confidence that the fiasco of the anti-government demonstration marks the end of Carlism, and of any attempt at an insurrection in favor of the pretender.

Sixteen priests and monks were among the persons arrested Saturday on charges of attempting to provoke disorder.

WOMAN OF 89 AS A SWIMMER

Old Orchard Boasts the Very Oldest Summer Girl.

Boston, August 8—Old Orchard boasts of the oldest summer girl in the world in Mrs. Patrick H. Burns, of Dover, N. H., aged 89. Mrs. Burns is an all around athlete of wonderful ability for her age and has never allowed a summer to pass since 1846 without a few weeks of sea bathing. She is a good swimmer and undoubtedly the only woman of her age that indulges actively in the pastime.

Mrs. Burns while swimming breasts the big waves for from 5 to 10 minutes and then springs out as spryly as a boarding school undergraduate to hurry to her room in the Dorr House and prepare herself for luncheon.

THINKS BROTHER IS BURGLAR

Georgia Man's Mistake Has Usual Fatal Result.

Albany, Ga., August 8.—Believing he was shooting at a burglar, Ivy Land, aged 22, after midnight this morning shot and killed his brother, Quintus Land, aged 20, at their home here. Land was aroused from sleep by the screaming of a woman in the neighborhood and with his shotgun ran to her assistance. Shortly afterwards he heard a woman screaming in the direction of his own home. He ran back just in time to see his younger brother, who also had been aroused, leap from the window of their home. He fired at once, killing his brother instantly.

HASTEN TO NEW GOLD FIELD

All Male Residents of Canadian Town Rush North.

Prince Albert, Sask., August 5.—Reports from Hudson Bay Junction state that the whole town is excited over reported rich discovery of gold which has been made 30 miles north. Every male resident of the Junction has gone out to the scene, and the town is deserted except by women and children. Samples of almost pure gold have been brought in, and it is a genuine gold rush, equaling in excitement the Yukon stampede.

The excitement was started when a halfbreed came into town with his pockets bulging with gold nuggets.

The news spread, and there was a stampede. The railroad agent at Ettiamammi left his key with the postmaster and joined in the rush.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. **DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abando

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose father taught her many old songs, and one of these old songs had this line: "O, boatman row me o'er the stream."

When the little girl sang this line she always made it: "O, boatman 'roar' me o'er the stream," and when people laughed at her she wondered why they were laughing.

The memory of this bygone incident was the cause of an excursion I took on the river the other day. The first morning thought that came into my mind at wakening time, that other day, was "O, boatman roar me o'er the stream," the stream in this case being the Maumee river.

With me the river is an acquired taste. Having been born and half-way raised in a town by big waters, and having lived the greater part of my life in towns by big waters, a river has always seemed to me small persimmons, though the things the Maumee can do in the way rising up and asserting itself, when the winter ice turns to and does its spring housecleaning, are not to be scoffed at.

It was a "he't-up" morning in July when I heard the river calling. I answered its call as soon as it was possible. The summer sun was attending strictly to business, and you could almost feel the heat vibrations in the air. It was out Walbridge park way where I sought the river. In the car that took me there were other park and river seekers. This I learned from a woman with whom I had a passing conversation.

For several years she had lived near the park, but circumstances had necessitated her moving into town in the spring season. The circumstances were that she had to give up the house she was living in, and she could not get another in the park region.

"They are spoken for months ahead," she said. "People move out to the park in March or April, stay there all summer, and then move back to town and live in flats through the winter. It is impossible to get a house near the park in the summer unless you speak for it way ahead of the time you want it. I haven't seen the park this summer, and I miss it so," she said, plaintively.

What she told about the migratory park dwellers was news to me, and illustration of the fact there is none from whom we may not learn something if we show enough interest and pay enough attention to start people talking.

I had no idea where I was to find a boatman to "roar" me o'er the stream, but when one follows a hunch about anything it usually happens that the hunch is assisted to its development. It was so with my river excursion. At Walbridge a boatman arose to supply the deficiency. It was by accident, to be sure, but he rose and right gallantly he "roared" me o'er the stream by means of a canoe and an overgrown paddle. Occasionally the paddle got beyond his control and deluged me with water, but I had craved the river, and so I could not complain when my craving was gratified in large quantities. Anyway, water in large quantities is a good thing, both outside and in.

It was a beautiful river that morning, in spite of the "he't-up" atmosphere. The skies were blue and their blueness was reflected in the water. Not yet has summer's verdure lost its freshness and become tarnished. The sloping, wooded banks were green with the green of trees and shrubs. There were splashes of white where bloomed the elders and wild morningglories. There were splashes of color where bloomed the black-eyed Susans and the sumachs, whose blossoms will soon take on the scarlet. There were fishermen along the shore, who, answering inquiry, declared the fishing was none too good, though they sat patiently watching and waiting for things to be doing with hook and line.

There were perky little birds on swaying willows, and on reeds and rushes growing close to shore, and on these swaying willows and reeds and rushes they perched lightly, caroling songs of marvelous sweetness. The scarlet-winged blackbirds went flashing over and around and beyond, and there were bluejays and robins in the air party. The midsummer silence has fallen on the robins. It is in the springtime when they sing their songs of cheer.

There is a jingle which, for longer than I can tell, has been current among children. The jingle is this:

"First the worst,
Second the same,
Last the best of all the game."

There was no worst in this game, but the best, where there was no worst, was the water gardens that now are lending their bloom and beauty to the river. "Green grow the rushes, O," and green grow many water plants; rich of foliage and lovely of flower.

Now is the time when the lotus blooms; the lotus so famed in reality, in mythology and tradition. It is in the Maumee and its tributary streams where one finds the lotus in profusion. They were blooming in profusion the morning I answered the call of the river. Thousands and thousands of cream-white flowers, tropical in their beauty and fragrance, lifted their stately heads and big, round leaves above the water, more than half-concealed by the pond lily leaves resting on its surface.

One there was who was wading waist-deep in lotus blooms and splashing through a marsh tangle which threatened to turn him heels over head at any moment.

"Yes," he said, in response to a comment concerning the profusion of lotus flowers, "Yes, there are skiveral lotus."

We are warned not to pluck the lotus, because when we carry away the flowers, we carry away the seeds for the next year's garden. Too much plucking and carrying away of the lotus, will some day rob the river of its crowning beauty and glory. The temptation to lay hands on beauty is almost too strong for human nature to resist, but remember this: Beauty, too roughly handled, will surely perish.

From the lotus gardens we paddled our way up Grassy creek a little stream which has its humble beginning or ending in a duck pond. Along the way we found white pond lilies blooming and there were myriads of skating bugs, skidding across the surface of the water, making a great fuss about going no place and coming back again. Little mud turtles noiselessly slid off of broad, lily leaves at sound of our approach, and when I put my hands in the water and left them there a moment or two, I brought them back with tiny snails and other tiny water creatures, clinging to my fingers. Whereupon I shook them off and told them to go home and be good.

"Are you afraid of snakes?" my boatman asked.

"No," I said, "I am not afraid of anything. What's the use of being afraid?" I asked in turn.

"There isn't any," he answered positively, and thus the matter of fear was settled.

Having explored Grassy creek to its duck pond beginning, nothing remained except to turn around and back trail to the park landing. This was speedily done and without encountering any perils of the deep. By the time we reached the park, its river side had grown populous with picnickers, out for a day of enjoyment. It was only 11 o'clock, but luncheons were being spread on the tables under the trees, and there were the cheerful, little bustle, and the sound of cheerful voices which always attend a company of women and children out for a good time.

My way was cityward. On my journey back I had things to think of and pictures to remember that had not been mine a few hours earlier. Nature is a wonderful artist. There is none who may equal her alchemy, and it does you good to see her paintings and hang them in the gallery of your memory. The more you look the keener grows your sight; the greater grows the beauty. If you keep on looking long enough you will find pictures wherever your eyes may turn. Try it and see.

Here's hoping.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

A CHEERY LETTER.

Dear friends, will you let a farmer's wife join your circle? I live on a farm and am 28 years old. I was churning this morning and reading the Toledo Blade, and I saw a request for the song Old and Only in the Way. As I knew the song, I took courage to write it, hoping it would be the one the old soldier wanted.

I work in the fields and help my husband do any work needed. We have one little boy, 7 years old, and have been married 10 years. I enjoy reading The Blade, and if I see my letter in print I may come again.—From Mrs. Carl Drumhiller, Michigan. My nickname is Tommy D. I get that for working out doors. Merry wishes to you all.

TO THE YOUNG FOLKS

As my father has been taking The Blade ever since I was a child, I would like to step into your Cozy Corner for a few moments' chat. I have found many helps through the grand old Blade. I would like to say to the young folks: Always love and obey your parents, for when mother is gone we shall never have another, for it is mother who cared for us in infancy. It was she who oftimes kissed our bumped heads, and spent sleepless nights when we were sick. How often has mother toiled over the washtub and ironing board, washing and ironing the nice clothes that her own hands have made for her children. God bless the girl who says to mother when she is not feeling well, "Mother you sit still, or lie down and rest, I will get dinner and clean up the house."

Boys, we should help father do the chores and the other work, or better still, say, "Father I will go and do that for you."

If this escapes the waste basket I will come again some time. God bless the dear old Blade and its many readers. Arthur Turner, Kentucky.

USEFUL HINTS

As this is Sunday morning I thought I would write a letter to the Cozy Corner.

We have taken The Blade for three years, but this is my first attempt at letter writing.

I think The Blade is a splendid paper and have received many useful hints and valuable recipes for which I am grateful.

I live in the country on a farm, and do all my housework and most of my sewing. I like to read the different letters on housekeeping, and especially those on the care of children as I have two little girls of my own. The elder is two and a half years of age, and the younger is thirteen months old. I will send a few hints which might be useful to some young housekeeper.

Try putting a pinch of soda in rhubarb and gooseberries and they will not require so much sugar.

Try soaking rice for a couple of hours or longer, and it will not boil over while cooking.

Put a pinch of salt in the white of an egg before whipping and see how quickly it will beat up.

Here is a good recipe for putting up cucumber pickles: Let cucumbers stand in weak salt water from one morning until the next, then take out and put in cold water, set on stove and let come to a boil. Take out, wipe dry place in cans. Cover with boiling vinegar. Use mixed spices if liked. I prefer this way of keeping them to putting in brine, as they are ready for use at any time.—Indiana Sister.

A FRIEND TO US.

I have been a subscriber of The Blade for many years and have always found the Household department very interesting and helpful, with its letters and receipes. I turn to that page first and often say, "I will write a letter too, to help someone."

I am a native of Northeastern Ohio and have lived in three different states. I know how to sympathize with the farmers' wives who have raised their half a dozen children, have done their housework and most of the sewing for the family. I can take a rest now, if I feel like doing so, and watch my little grandchildren play around me. I now live in Southeastern Iowa, in a fertile, well-watered, well-improved, rich country where there are good neighbors as one could wish for. The country around here was settled by pioneers from Ohio, Virginia, and other eastern states.

I wonder if any of the mothers or grandmothers are making scrapbooks for their children and grandchildren, of the poetry and of the historical pieces, cut from the Blade. It is a very pleasant pastime. Well, my letter is getting too long, but if it will do, I may call again.—Mrs. C., Iowa.

FROM FRUIT LAND

As I have never written a letter to The Blade, and have never seen any from this part of Michigan, I thought I would call on you for a few moments. We have taken The Blade for some time and like it very much. We are living at present in a great fruit country. Our postoffice is Ludington, Mich. We are about 10 miles from Ludington. We live on a man's place and my husband works for him by the month. The man raises quantities of fruit, such as peaches, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, apples, etc. We just came here in the past spring. We like it real well. There is an Evangelical church across the road from us, so that we can go to church and Sunday school every Sunday.

Our family consists of my husband and I and a dear little girl, Mable, nearly 14 months old.

This is my motto: To try to do to others as we would that they should do to us. I will close by signing my real name.—Mrs. Freeman Slater, Michigan.

A SHORT VISIT

I am going to run in for a short visit. I have been reading your kind letters and for the first time I thought I would drop in. I live in the country where the fresh air is always stirring and where everything grows that is good to eat. I raise chickens, have a garden and milk one cow. I am married, but have no children. My husband is a railroad man and that leaves me much alone. He makes a run in home every two weeks. I have a nice buggy and horse to drive. I go to Sunday school and church every Sunday and am trying to do the work that our Heavenly Father wants us to do.

I shall come again if I see my letter in the Corner, as I enjoy reading the other beautiful letters.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

—Mrs. James Clark, Indiana.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

I am still smiling because of the good letters you are sending to the corner. They help me to get acquainted with you.—Elizabeth.

At present time of writing the weather in Toledo—perfectly lovely, but it is whispered about that we need rain.

Our newest letters are from Lewis B. Jessup, Alice, Mrs. J. A. Hill, Sister Sallie, Julia D. Field, West Virginia Wild Flower and Western New York. In writing to this page please write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope.

ANGEL FOOD

Golden Rod—From a reliable source is taken this recipe for angel food. One and one-fourth cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar, whites of nine large or 10 small eggs.

Sift the flour four or five times before measuring. Beat the whites two or three minutes, add the cream tartar, then beat them to a very stiff froth. Add the sugar and when well beaten in, add the flour and mix well. Line a baking pan with buttered paper, turn in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven, being careful not to jar the pan, as it will cause the cake to fall.

KINDNESS ON THE FARM

Kindness ought to be the rule with all farm animals. Not simply for the reason that it makes the animals bad to be treated wrong, but because no person can do that and not himself be made a little worse than he was. Character is made up of little acts. Kindness builds a good, clean, strong, true life. And surely that is what our boys and girls are most anxious to have.—Rural Life.

WELL, HERE'S HOPING.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Cheer up. It might be worse.

Never lose patience because some one cannot be "Johnny on the spot," in making himself over. It is quite likely that you who are most interested in this making-over have not quite reached perfection.

The right road is not, always the easiest road to travel, but at its end lies the city of Shining Light.

Be careful what you set your mind on. It may hatch out something you do not want.

'Ware jealousy and cherish faith. Jealousy drives away instead of holding those you love the best.

When you feel as if you wanted to lie down and die, then is the time for you to be up and doing something for somebody else.

Self forgetfulness is something everybody needs in the business of living.

It is never smart to say unkind things.

The longer you stay mad at anyone, the harder it is going to be for you to get over it.

There would be fewer seamy sides to life, if we all tried to keep our right side uppermost.

If you cannot do both, it is better to help the "poor and needy 'at cluster round about," than those who are far away.

It is a useless journey to go mooning off among the clouds, trying to find something to fill your heart and time. The "something" is always close at hand if you will but open your eyes to see.

It is not great deeds that count the most. It is the little ones that send kindness and sympathy winging their way to hearts that are sad and to lives that are dark.

More often than not, "broken hearted" means fractured pride.

If you really love anyone, there is nothing you cannot forgive them; nothing you cannot forget.

Half the time your quarrels and disagreements are because some one will not do what you want him to do. Think it over.

TIP-END OF CAPE COD

IN A RECENT number of a weekly magazine called The Boston Common, I found a story of the monument to the Pilgrims, at Provincetown, the jumping off place at the tip-end of Cape Cod.

The monument was dedicated this August 5, the anniversary of the sailing of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, Holland. It was a notable event, at which were present, President Taft and other noted men. In part, the magazine story follows:

"Provincetown has long gloried in the fact of its being the scene of important Pilgrim history, and it now points with much pride to the recently completed shaft commemorating the arrival of the Pilgrim bark Mayflower in its harbor.

"The Pilgrim monument is imposing. It is a replica of a bell-tower in Siena, Italy. With the exception of the Washington monument, it is the highest shaft of solid construction in the United States. It springs from the crest of a 90-foot hill, known as Town Hill, and carries its cleancut granite height 252 feet into the air. From its top may be seen the general outline of Cape Cod, all the way to Chatham, to beyond Sandwich, where the Cape Cod canal is under construction. The monument itself is visible on a clear day 30 miles at sea.

"Its weight, exclusive of the base, is more than 11,000,000 pounds, and, though built on a sand dune, its base is made secure by the use of 1,600 tons of concrete and hundreds of steel rods. The approximate cost of the monument was $90,000, of which sum the government appropriated $40,000. The state of Massachusetts contributed $25,000, Provincetown $5,000, and individuals the remainder. At the base there extends upward through the entire shaft sets of iron work, so set that one side pulls against the other. Considering that 80 miles an hour storms often sweep the cape, the contractors were obliged to fortify the shaft against the onslaught of the worst hurricanes. The monument is set corner-wise to the points of the compass.

"Instead of stairs in the shaft, there is an arrangement of inclined planes, but at each turn are two steps. In making the ascent, it is necessary to circle the interior 13 times.

"The town itself is one of the most interesting on the coast. Made up mostly of old sailors and shipowners, together with a large element of newly-arrived Portuguese, Provincetown still keeps some of the customs of years gone by. A town crier is still employed, who goes about the town carrying a bell which he rings to attract attention. When given a hearing, he reads from a paper the coming events of the town, soon to transpire—town meetings, social events at the churches, and public gatherings of all kinds.

"From time to time the port is made the rendezvous of the North Atlantic squadron. On such occasions the narrow streets present a lively appearance, filled with sailors."

Monument to the Pilgrims, Provincetown.

I was especially interested in this story, because, once upon a time, I made a flying trip to quaint old Provincetown. In the summer it is an unfashionable resort, where you may wear what you please and still be in polite society. More than all else, it is a happy hunting ground for artists. One sees them camped out on the beach, transferring to canvas the beauties of sea and shore. One sees them wandering through the long, crooked main street of the village, men and women alike, clad in paint-smeared garments and topped off with disreputable looking hats, if they wear any hats at all. A 'bus travels at regular intervals up and down this street throughout the day, the horses wearing jingling bells to give notice of the vehicle's approach. By means of this conveyance one may see Provincetown at full length. It has no breadth to speak of.

Picturesque is the word which best describes this old New England town. It is a place where the roofs make pictures, and where all around and about are views and things that are paintable. Most of the natives keep boarders in the season of boarders, though there are a few family residences, which are "down home" to those who are Boston people during the greater part of the year.

There are as many stories native to the place as there are pictures; stories of the sea and of the life-savers of Cape Cod, whose stations are close together along the most dangerous winter coast of the world. These are brave stories which relate brave deeds of danger and daring.

The crumbling wharves and warehouses tell of bygone days of glory when many ships made port at Provincetown and many ships put out to sea. The ships have dwindled to fishing boats, sailed by Portuguese fishermen, but there are now as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, though, perhaps, their numbers have lessened.

It was chancing upon the account of the Pilgrims' monument, which brought back the picture of old Provincetown as clearly as if I were seeing it today, though it was five or six years ago when I spent a few days on this part of New England's shore.

Well, here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

To All the Dear M. G. R.'s:—Here comes a girl from Mississippi, but I am not a southerner, as I was born in the good old Buckeye state—Ohio. I have lived here nearly two years, and like the sunny south very much. I shall tell all I can about my southern home. The town is chiefly a sawmill village. There are three sawmills and a stave mill. My father and my uncle own the stave mill. Did some one ask, "How do they make the staves for flour barrels?" Well, this is the way: The Sunflower river flows in front of the mill. From either up or down the stream, a raft of timber is brought to the mill. Here two men are stationed, who cut the bind poles which keep the raft together, and load two logs on a car, which is brought up the log-chute to the mill. The log is put on a carriage, or bolter, and sawed up into blocks as long as a stave. They are then loaded upon wheelbarrows and taken to the steam boxes. These boxes are seven by eight feet, I think, and are air-tight. After all are filled with bolts, the steam is turned upon them and they are cooked all night. In the morning they are quite soft. Loaded again on wheelbarrows, they are wheeled to the cutter, who takes them and holds them in the machine, where they are cut up into boards, each as thick as a stave. The man who cuts them is often in danger of cutting off his fingers. A "culler" stands behind the cutting knife and takes the hot staves. He throws away the "culls," which are afterwards burned, and loads the good staves on a stave wagon. They are then hauled into the yard, where a shed, a thousand feet long, is filled with piles and piles of staves. In the shed the pilers pile the staves, laying three cross-lapped into ricks. The men pile them so they dry, and in 30 days they are ready to joint.

Jointing machines are used to cut the board so as to make it narrower at the end than in the middle. A little boy, called a "tadder," carries them to a rack beside the jointer. He, in turn, takes each board and puts it in the machine. Just the edge is taken off to make it shape a barrel. He then turns it and takes the other side off. This is done by foot power. Then he throws them in another rack, on the opposite side, which is stationed off for number twos and number ones. A "buncher" bunches them up, 50 in a bunch. One bunch is supposed to contain enough for three barrels. Twenty bunches make a thousand. The jointer averages 9,000 to 10,000 a day, and receives 50 cents a thousand. He pays his "tadder" and "buncher," who are usually boys.

Gum staves are mostly made. They mildew in the hot season, so elm and cottonwood, which do not mould, are cut in the summer.

We have a depot, hotel, restaurant, butcher shop, four stores, containing nearly everything, a postoffice, drug store, flour mill, and a schoolhouse, where church is held. Several houses for the white folks are on this side of the railroad, and the colored population resides on the other. The railroad is on a high grade. It was built to cross the river. Piling was driven in the river bed, and on this a bridge was to be built. In the past summer they dynamited it all out. The train leaves in the morning and returns at night. This town is called a jumping-off place, because nobody can go farther by rail.

Oh, the pleasant rides on the river! Large parties often go for a pleasure ride in a gasoline yacht, and gather palmettos.

How do the M. G. R.'s like the stories The Blade publishes? I thought The Lure of the Mask was fine. I, for one, read that mining talk Buckeye Bill wrote. Grey Wing, Tennessee Coon and others write interesting letters. I shall write some other time if Elizabeth will be so kind as to put this in print.—A Mississippi Sun Flower.

WELL, HERE'S HOPING.

Children's Letters

Dear Blade—I am a little girl 10 years old. My home is in South Bend, Indiana. I am visiting my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Craig, of Plymouth.

We have very beautiful parks at South Bend. There is a park three blocks from our house called the Studebaker park. At Howard park we have great fun. There they have so many things to play with. They have a may pole and we swing around on it. It is so much fun. Then there is a park called Leeper park. They have animals there and they have monkeys and we like to watch them play. They have deer, snakes, bears and wolves and other animals. On the east side of the park is an Indian house. We go to see it when we go to the park. The Indians lived in it long ago. My grandpa takes The Blade and I love to read the letters from the boys and girls. My grandpa was in the civil war. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to school. The name of our school is the Studebaker school. I go after the milk every evening, and I go after the mail at the postoffice while I am here at grandpa's. I have been with my grandparents eight weeks and I am going home soon.—Leota Carey.

Dear Blade—Will you allow a Wetzel county boy to enter your page? I am 10 years old. I live in a small town named Hundred. Henry Church was the founder of our town. Henry Church was born in Suffolk, England. He came to America as a British soldier. Deserting the army, he came to Pennsylvania, where he married Hannah Keene, of Green county. Then he moved to Hundred. He was born in 1750. He died in 1860. He lived to be 109 years old. Both are buried at Hundred. Being my first letter I will close.—Clarke Cullinan, West Virginia.

Dear Old Blade—I am a little girl 14 years old. I have brown eyes and auburn hair. My hair is curly, and I can just sit on it. I am five feet three inches tall, and weigh about 95 pounds.

I live on a farm of 100 acres in the state of Indiana. We have two horses, two cows, 11 pigs and one calf. I have a pet lamb named Trilby, and a dog named Fido, and a kitty named Helen. Fido is a big black and white shepherd.

Mamma takes The Blade, and we think it is a dandy paper. My grandpa sends it to her. Grandpa's name is Jeremiah Pool. He is a shut-in, and can't move only when he is moved. He was 75 years old April 28.

I go one mile to the Indian Prairie school. I am in the eighth grade. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I live one-half mile north of the Indian Prairie Baptist church.

As this is my first letter to The Blade I won't make it any longer. I do hope this will escape the waste paper basket. As I haven't any nickname I will sign my right name.—Mary Nancy Heward, Indiana.

Dear M. G. R.—Long I have been reading you and I have enjoyed your letters so much that I should like to join you. I am a teacher and like my work. I think there is not another vocation where we can accomplish so much as in this, and we have so many inspirations in our work, if we but try. For instance, the county institute, which is for our benefit, should by all means be attended, and each moment put to good use. I wish more of the teachers would write. Suppose we have this subject for discussion: "Which affords the greater opportunity for accomplishing good, the legal bar, or the pulpit?"—Elizabeth, from Kentucky.

Here comes a girl who would like to join the M. G. R. How many of you have ever been to Mt. Airy? Those who have not, should come. It is situated among the Blue Ridge mountains, and we get the cool breezes every day. It has a healthful climate, and many people spend the summer here. Near by are the famous White Sulphur Springs, and people delight in drinking their health-giving waters. The population of Mt. Airy is about 6,000. It is a growing city and many fine and useful buildings are being erected. The people of the Baptist church are having a new church built. When it is finished, it is going to be the finest church in North Carolina. I like to read this paper very much, and I am especially interested in the letters. As this is my first letter, I hope to see it in print.—Pearle Thompson, North Carolina.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

We are having pleasant times in the M. G. R. these summer days, and in answer to my call some entertaining picnic letters have been reecived. They will be soon published.

You might as well be a merry sunshine in your home as a thunder cloud filled with thunder mutters.

Our most reecnt letter writers are: Luther Phillips, Essie May Bowrey, Vina D. Gladys, from the Wild Rose state; Nelson A. Akerson, Blue Belle, of West Virginia; Dimples, Pennsylvania Kid, College Corner's Girl, M. Luvern Evans, Nettie Robinson and Rambler.

HE WOULDN'T STAY BOUGHT

A guest was expected for dinner and Bobby had received five cents as the price of his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as a mouse until, discovering that his favorite dessert was being served, he could no longtr curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket and rolling it across the table exclaimed: "Here's your nickel mamma. I'd rather talk."—Success Magazine.

ENTICING

August Lippincott's.

"How is it that your hens are so prolific?"

"I feed them on layer cake."

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Not in God's temple shall I find holiness, if holiness is not within myself.

MONDAY

If work today shall be my lot, why work I shall with heart and will. 'Twill make my work grow lighter.

TUESDAY

May I have patience when irritations arise. May I speak the soft answer that turneth away wrath if wrath be directed against me.

WEDNESDAY

Some one I have to make glad. Many I may make glad by being glad myself.

THURSDAY

Just one evil temper may make an unhappy home. Just one cheerful spirit, may make it a happy one.

FRIDAY

This, they say, is bad luck day, but I shall laugh bad luck away.

SATURDAY

Well, maybe this was not the best kind of a week that could have happened, but the things that went wrong this week I'll try to make go right in the week that is coming. Elizabeth.

GOOD RECIPES

Much obliged to The Woman's National Daily for the following recipes. The directions read as if the results might be something very good to eat:

Salmon Loaf.

Salmon, canned, is a handy article for household use. During warm weather it may be used for a pick-up dinner or lunch, but it is not served cold from the can to the best advantage. Salmon loaf is an excellent way of serving it. Take the contents of a pound can of salmon, one egg, one cup of bread crumbs and salt and pepper to taste; remove the bones and pieces of skin from the salmon, beat the egg, mix all the ingredients together, mold them into a loaf and bake in a greased pan in the oven, or put it in a steamer and steam for one hour. Serve with slices of lemon or with cucumbers sliced in vinegar.

Vegetable Roast.

One-half cup broiled corn, either canned or cut from the cob; one-half cup baked beans mashed to a pulp, one-half cup boiled rice, one-half cup strained stewed tomatoes, half a teaspoon minced onion, two tablespoons melted butter, one-quarter cup sweet milk and salt and pepper to taste. Mix this together and add enough stale bread crumbs to make a stiff dough, roll and bake in a greased pan. Serve with tomato sauce.

Bread Omelette.

Two tablespoons bread crumbs, dash of pepper, two tablespoons milk, one egg, one-half teaspoon butter. Soak the bread crumbs in the milk until they are soft and add salt and pepper. Beat the whites and the yolks of the egg separately, stir the yolks into the mixture first, and then add the whites. Turn into a hot buttered pan and cook as you do the ordinary omelette. When done, fold the omelette over and turn on a heated dish to serve.

Cooked Cucumbers.

Housekeepers who serve cucumbers cooked instead of raw consider them a delicacy. Use old cucumbers. Pare them, and, if they are to be fried, cut them lengthwise in slices about a third of an inch thick, dip in a batter of eggs and cracker meal and fry in deep hot lard. If they are to be boiled, cut them in pices and cook in boiling salted water; season with butter, pepper and salt.

POETS' CORNER

WIDOW MACHREE

By Samuel Lover.

Widow Machree! it's no wonder you frown—
Och hone, widow machree;
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown—
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come—
Och hone! widow machree—
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish—
Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in—
Och hone! widow machree—
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld—
Och hone! widow machree—
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld,
Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled;
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree—
Och hone! widow machree—
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart—
Och hone! widow machree.

'CAUSE THEY DIDN'T THINK

By Phoebe Cary.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze;
An old rat said: "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mouse fast there
'Cause he didn't think!

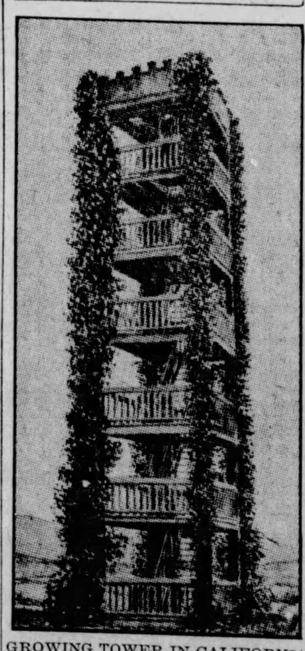
Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said: "I'm not a baby;
Here I'm half-grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody,
Hiding, saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass;
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree!"
"I don't care said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think that old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!"

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't you think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose that you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong
'Cause you didn't think.

Don't forget to keep up your subscriptions when subscribing time comes around. Things are going to keep right on doing on this page. That's sure.

A LIVING TOWER



GROWING TOWER IN CALIFORNIA

Rising 100 ft. above the top of a hill, which is itself 300 ft. above the surrounding country, in Sonoma county, California, is an observation tower unique because it is "alive."

The supports of the tower, which is said to be the only living one in the world, are young redwood trees. These trees, all of about the same size and growing in such position that they form an almost perfect square, were originally about 150 ft. high, but the tops were cut off to form a support for the upper platform. The tower is divided into six stories, the floor of each resting on beams anchored to the tree trunks by steel cables and bolts. Stairways lead from floor to floor, and a view of the surronding country for many miles can be seen from the top—Popular Mechanics.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

By Will Carleton.

Paul Revere was a rider bold,—
Well has his valorous deed been told!
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one,—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all the many who pass'd their door.
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And, while her friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Look'd solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.

So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds linger'd overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There enter'd a dozen dragoons or more,
Their red coats, stain'd by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers show'd,
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying: "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel a-bed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watch'd the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hover'd near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right promptly perch'd her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipp'd from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitch'd and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way,
She urged the fiery horse of gray,
Around her slender and cloakless form
Patter'd and moan'd the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasp'd the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair stream'd,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleam'd,
And on she rush'd for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted, Jennie M'Neal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lash'd the horse with the bridle rein;
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hew'd fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flash'd from his rider's coal-black eyes;
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops grasp'd at her glowing face.

"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.
"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They pass'd her in her rapid flight,
They scream'd to her left, they scream'd to her right;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.
So on she rush'd at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well.
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismay'd by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle rein,
And, gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted: "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And galloping down a hillside steep,
Gain'd on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door—
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drench'd with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star—
And shouted: "Quick! be away, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprung, and press'd
The wife and children to his breast,
And turn'd away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kiss'd the forehead broad and white
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.

The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laugh'd, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying: "Good sirs, your bird has flown:
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bow'd and said:
"Never you hold a moment's dread;
Of womankind I must crown you queen!
So brave a girl I have never seen;
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due!
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said: "There's a lad in Putnam's corps
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel."
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

POEMS REQUESTED

Wanted, the song beginning. Among the pines that overlook Stone river's rocky bed. Another begins: I am just a poor wayfaring stranger.

These songs are requested: The Exile's Return, beginning: Speed, speed my fleet vessel. The Happy Man, having this line: How happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's way. An old Scotch song with the words: O'er high hills and lofty mountains when the valleys are covered with snow.

A song is wanted which has these words in the chorus: They grumble on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wig

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HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, clerks at Washington, D. C., city carriers and postoffice clerks; high salaries; annual vacations; steady work; common education sufficient; September examinations everywhere; preparation free. Write immediately for schedule showing dates and places. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 32, Rochester, N. Y.

EVIDENCE LACKING

Investigators Decide Vice President Couldn't Shed Light on Bribe.

EVIDENCE NOT ENOUGH TO SUMMON SHERMAN.

Muskogee, Okla., August 5.—Chairman Burke, of the investigating committee, authorized a statement that Vice President Sherman would not be summoned to appear before the committee. It was stated that no evidence had been introduced to show that Mr. Sherman could throw any light on the investigaton.

Muskogee, Okla., August 5.—Jake Hamon, accused by Senator T. P. Gore with having offered him a $25,000 bribe to influence legislation in Congress for the sale of Oklahoma Indian lands, took the stand before the congressional investigating committee today.

Hamon entered a general denial of Senator Gore's charges that he offered the senator $25,000 or any other amount to "put through" the $30,000,000 land deal. He denied being himself interested in the McMurray contracts, and said he was in Washington in the interest of Governor C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma. He also denied ever offering Congressman C. F. Creager an "interest" in the deal.

Known Gore Long.

Hamon described himself as an attorney at Lawton, Okla., the home town of Senator Gore. He said he had known Senator Gore for nine years and had loaned him money in business transactions.

"Did you tell Senator Gore that you were ready to pay him $25,000 or $50,000 and the money would not be marked and there would be no checks, but that the money would be clean, hard cash?"

"I never made such an offer."

"Did you ever mention to Senator Gore that Vice President Sherman, Senator Curtis, former Senator Long and former Senator Thurston were interested in the McMurray contracts?"

"I never did. I was at Washington in the interest of some Indian trades at a fee of $50 a day and expenses in the interest of Governor Haskell in the Muskogee town lot cases."

NEW DENIAL STATEMENT IS ISSUED BY SHERMAN

Utica, N. Y., August 5.—Vice President Sherman braned as an untruth today any statement purporting to connect him with a personal interest in the McMurray Indian land contracts. Sitting before a blazing log at Camp Sagamig, on Big Moose lake, where he is summering with his family, Mr. Sherman read carefully the testimony of United States Senator Gore before the special congressional investigating committee at Muskogee yesterday. Laying aside the paper, the vice president said:

"I never heard my name mentioned in connection with the contracts which are the subject of Senator Gore's testimony yesterday. I never had any interest of any kind, other than the interest which I have for years had in the welfare of the Indians, and which I shall ever have, in any Indian contract—no personal interest, I mean.

"Without Foundation."

"The story, so far as my name is concerned, is without any foundation whatever. If any person has said I had any interest in this or any other Indian contract, he has stated what is not true."

Mr. Sherman said he remembered having met Mr. Hamon four years ago during the campaign, when Hamon called on him at Washington with a delegation from Oklahoma on a political mission.

"I haven't seen him since," continued the vice president, "in fact, I don't believe I would know him if he were to enter the door this minute. I never had any conversation with him regarding the McMurray contracts, and had no personal interest in them in any way."

Mr. Sherman said he had heard nothing of the alleged attempt to bribe Senator Gore until the latter's declaration on the floor of the senate and no charges were mentioned at that time. He have endeavored always to show Senator Gore every consideration in the case, as he is blind," he said, "and I think the manly thing for him to be done, if my name was mentioned in connection with the McMurray contracts, would have been to have informed me of the matter."

PREPARING FOR AIR POLE TRIP

Prince Henry Writes of Preliminary Expedition.

Berlin, August 4.—Prince Henry, of Prussia, who is a member of the Zeppelin preliminary Arctic exploration party now headed for Spitzbergen to study conditions for the proposed Zeppelin dirigible balloon expedition to the North Pole, states today in a message from Tromsoe, Norway, that it is the intention of the promoters to attempt to reach the pole before a full preliminary investigation has been made.

To start by balloon will be attempted until a most complete knowledge of conditions in the ice world bearing on the success of the expedition, such as the nature of the Polar air currents, the possibilities of landing upon the ice fields, etc., has been assembled.

ACCUSES CREAGER

Hamon Says Solon Tried to "Borrow" Large Sums From McMurray.

MacAlester, Okla., August 8.—Before the special congressional investigating committee Jake L. Hamon this afternoon charged that Congressman C. E. Creager, under the guise of loans, had attempted to obtain large sums of money from J. F. McMurray after Creager had introduced a bill in congress providing for a sale of the Indian lands.

Hamon brought his charges in demanding the recall of Creager to the witness-stand for cross-examination.

"I want to show," said Hamon, "that Creager demanded large sums of money from McMurray after that bill was introduced by Creager."

The bill Hamon referred to provided for the sale of the surface lands to private individuals, and for the sale of the mineral deposits to the government. Under the arrangement McMurray, with his contracts, it was asserted, would have obtained 10 per cent of the money paid by the government.

Wants to Prove Charges.

Chairman Burke said he did not believe Creager could properly be recalled as he already had been excused as a witness. Then Hamon wanted the privilege of calling other witnesses to prove his charges. The demand was taken under advisement by the committee.

How the contracts were procured by which, according to Senator Thomas P. Gore, $3,000,000 in attorneys' fees was to be made out of the sale of the land given to the Indians by the government, was related before the special congressional investigating committee today.

W. T. Hollman, a Choctaw Indian, testified he had been employed by J. F. McMurray, holder of the contracts, to go out among the Oklahoma Indians and induce them to sign the documents. At the same time Hollman related he was paid "a dollar a head" for securing contracts appointing McMurray to act in tax cases. In this way McMurray procured 10,000 contracts to sell land.

Got 10 Per Cent.

The terms were 10 per cent attorneys' fees, or $3,000,000 profit for McMurray and his associates.

To promote this deal in congress, Senator Gore contends he was offered a $25,000 or $50,000 bribe. Hollman testified that he himself had signed the 10 per cent contract because he, in common with other Indians, had become discouraged over the government's promise to sell the land. "I would have given 25 per cent to McMurray," said Holman, "if he could have gotten us the money quickly."

Would Give More.

He said he believed some of the Indians would be willing to give McMurray 75 per cent. In a statement to the committee and without going on the stand, McMurray today declared the contracts came to him originally against his desires. He said the Indians at a "war council" had demonstrated their impatience at the government's alleged slowness in the selling of the land and had called upon him to take the job at 10 per cent., which he did with reluctance. McMurray will go on the stand later.

Questioned further, Hollman testified it was the belief of the Indians that their property was worth from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000, and the understanding was that McMurray would get 10 per cent of this.

"Is it the belief among the Indians that McMurray had some power at Washington by which he would be able to get it more quickly than if you left it to the government?" asked Congressman E. W. Sawyer, of Virginia.

"We did not know how he was going to do it, but we thought he knew how," was the answer.

CAN NOT DEMAND CHARLTON

Chance for Legal Extradition by Italy Has Now Gone By.

New York, August 3.—Italy cannot now legally demand the extradition of Porter Charlton. The legal time limit expired at midnight last night and no demand from the Italian government had been received by the United States district attorney for the state of New Jersey.

No steps will be taken for the prisoner's release, however, until Sept. 20, when any one of three courses may be pursued. His lawyers may demand his release on the ground that there is no charge against him; they may obtain a writ of habeas corpus or they may institute proceedings to ascertain his sanity.

Charlton is confined in the Hudson county (N. J.) jail, where he has been since his arrest and confession of murdering his wife, Mary Scott Castle Charlton, at Lake Como, Italy.

DOES NOT ACCUSE SHERMAN

Gore States He Only Repeated What Hamon Said.

Muskogee, Okla., August 8.—Senator Gore Saturday night issued the following statement relative to Vice President Sherman:

"I have never, either in the senate or before the investigating committee, made any charge whatever with reference to Mr. Sherman. I never said he was interested in the McMurray contracts directly or indirectly.

"The vice president's name was mentioned to me by Hamon as 'the man higher up,' who was interested in the contracts. When I testified before the committee I was under obligation to relate all that Hamon had said, and when it came to mentioning what Hamon had said to me about Mr. Sherman, I named the vice president with extreme reluctance.

"I had no alternative but to tell the truth. I think I owe it to Mr. Sherman and to the country to hope that the fact that Hamon mentioned Mr. Sherman will be relegated to perpetual oblivion."

INDIAN TELLS OF BRIBE

Choctaw Lawyer Tells New Story of Being Offered $25,000 for Action.

Muskogee, Okla., August 6.—More charges of attempted bribery in Oklahoma Indian land deals were made before the congressional investigating committee today.

D. C. McCurtain, a Choctaw Indian, son of the governor of the Choctaw nation and an attorney for that tribe, testified that J. F. McMurray had offered him $25,000 not to oppose the land deal.

The contracts were those which were disapproved by President Roosevelt in 1908. "I was called to the hotel by McMurray," testified McCurtain. "While I was there I was introduced to Cecil A. Lyon, national Republican committeeman from Texas.

Makes the Offer.

"When Lyon left McMurray said: 'I have decided to give you $25,000 if you will not oppose these contracts. If the contracts go through just as they are, you get the money. If our profits are cut down, then your money will be cut down in proportion.'"

McCurtain said the offer took place at the Raleigh hotel at Washington. The terms were that McCurtain was not to oppose the approval of the contracts by the secretary of the interior and by the President.

Saw Him Often.

The contracts were held by Mansfield, McMurray & Cornish, a law firm of McAlester, Okla., and provided for the sale of about 450,000 acres of Choctaw and Chickasaw lands said to be worth from $50,000,000 to $160,000,000, the witness testified.

McCurtain continued: "I was then Choctaw delegate to Washington and it was known that I had persistently opposed the sale of the Indian lands by contract with private individuals. McMurray saw me a number of times in relation to his money offer."

Opposed Lawyers' Fees.

McCurtain's charges of attempted bribery supplement those of Senator Gore. McCurtain, who is about 40 years old, is a dark-skinned Indian with jet black hair. While he testified in a distinct, loud voice, his father, Governor McCurtain, a veteran Indian presiding officer of many Indian council meetings of pioneer days, sat beside him. McCurtain's testimony came as a climax following the appearance on the stand of United States Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who refuted previous testimony by Senator Gore that Vice President Sherman was "interested" in the land deal now pending. Senator Curtis asserted that both he and Vice President Sherman were on record as being unfavorable toward the McMurray contracts whereby $3,000,000, or 10 per cent of the proceeds from the deal was to be diverted from the Indians in the shape of "attorneys' fees."

M'MURRAY DENIES IT.

Muskogee, Okla., August 6.—J. F. McMurray in an interview today denied that he had ever offered $25,000, or any other amount, to McCurtin. McMurray declared that Cecil Lyon was financially interested with him in the old tribal contracts.

350,000 MOTOR CARS

Present Investment in the Plants Is Estimated at $400,000,000.

Boston, Mass., August 4.—Much has been said regarding the magnitude of the automobile industry, but figures prepared by some of the leading automobile authorities give a much more concrete idea of the extent of this industrial development than can any general descriptive terms.

It is estimated that there is today invested in automobile plants about $400,000,000 and that at least 200,000 persons are employed in the manufacture of automobiles or their accessories. The automobile makers are paying the railroads of the country between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000 annually for freight and consume over $60,000,000 of rubber, steel, iron and aluminum.

United States Uses 350,000 Autos.

There are in daily use in the United States at present approximately 350,000 automobiles. The 1909 production may be placed at 180,000 cars, with an approximate value of $240,000,000.

Large as these figures are, they are exceeded by the annual expenditure for horse drawn vehicles. Reliable authorities estimate that there are over 7,000,000 of these vehicles used daily in the United States, while the total number of horses and colts in the country exceeds 21,000,000 besides 3,000,000 mules. American manufacturers produce yearly about 1,750,000 vehicles, of which 940,000 are passenger conveyances with an estimated value of $110,000,000. In addition there is a yearly expenditure of $125,000,000 for horses and $25,000,000 for the harnesses, so that it seems fair to assume the United States expends yearly for its horse vehicles a total of $290,000,000.

Displaced 500,000 Horses and Wagons.

Automobile makers claim that already automobiles have displaced 500,000 horses and wagons, the average upkeep of which is 65 cents a day, compared with the average upkeep of an automobile of 30 cents a day.

A comprehensive idea of the scope of the automobile industry is given by the following figures compiled by some of the leading manufacturers of the country. The details follow:

Investment in manufacture of automobiles	$225,000,000
Investment in producing accessories	175,000,000
Total plant investment	400,000,000
Number of persons employed in manufacture	200,000
Number of selling agents	5,500
Selling agents and garage employes	33,000
Annual consumption of copper in various forms, pounds	18,000,000
Freight paid to railroads	25,000,000 to 30,000,000
Leather consumption	8,000,000 to 10,000,000
Leather used (based on high prices)	25,000,000
Steel and iron	36,000,000
Aluminum	9,000,000

Few Mortgages to Get Cars.

The reiterated statement that people have been mortgaging their homes to buy automobiles has led several manufacturers to make a thorough canvass of the situation. One manufacturer recently sent circular letters to 24,000 bank officials throughout the country containing a series of questions, one of which was information as to the number of persons who were known to have mortgaged their property to purchase automobiles. Thousands of replies have been received, the great majority of which state that few mortgages have been so placed.

WON'T PUNISH PIE UMPIRE

Navy Department Says Case Is Too Trivial.

Washington, August 4.—Midshipman Herbert O. Roesch, of Oregon, will not be court martialed because he umpired a pie-eating contest of lower classmen. The navy department has decided the affair was too trivial to be taken seriously.

Roesch's diploma had been withheld because it was said he had hazed the freshmen by compelling them to eat pie. Roesch replied that he merely umpired the contest and pointed to the tradition that a first-class man never hazes freshmen. **He will get his diploma.**

NAMES SHERMAN

Vice President Was Called "Man Higher Up," Says Gore.

Muskogee, Okla., August 4.—Vice President Sherman was named by Senator T. P. Gore in connection with what are known as the McMurray Indian land contracts, an investigation of which was begun here today by a special committee of the house of representatives.

Senator Gore, after declaring that he had been approached by Jacob Hammon with an offer of a bribe of $25,000 to remove all congressional opposition to the contracts, affirmed that Hammon had said a "man higher up in the government" was "interested" in the contracts.

Senator Gore at first said he was reluctant to name the man mentioned as "higher up," but later, on being pressed by Congressman Burke, chairman of the committee, declared Hammon had used the name of Vice President Sherman.

Gore Was Astonished.

"When he named the person higher up I held up my hands in astonishment and said, 'Is it possible that a person so high in the United States government could lay himself open to such an imputation?'"

"Well," said Hammon, "this is a lot of money you see!"

The bribery offer, Senator Gore explained, followed his opposition to the approval by congress of what is known as the McMurray contracts which affect the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes of Indians.

Would Make $3,000,000.

By these contracts, he said, J. F. McMurray, an attorney and associates were to receive ten per cent of the profits on the sale of 450,000 acres of coal and asphalt lands belonging to the Indians. As a New York syndicate stood ready to pay $30,000,000 for the lands, the ten per cent to the McMurray interest for "attorney fees" would realize $3,000,000" said the senator.

Senator Gore appeared before the special investigating committee which convened here today as a direct result of the charges made by him in the United States senate on June 24.

Senator Gore at the afternoon session declared he had been informed that an employe of the Department of Justice at Washington was "interested" in the McMurray contracts. The Senator declined to give the name either of his informant or of the government employe who was "interested."

Questioned by E. P. Hill, attorney for the Choctaw Indians, Senator Gore at the afternoon session told of a conference that was held with President Taft on April 28 in reference to the McMurray contracts. At that time, the witness said, President Taft had opposed the contracts on the ground that the ten per cent fee asked was excessive. Former Senator Long had submitted the matter to the president as counsel for McMurray, said the senator, and the president, while opposing the contracts, had said Long's clients might take their case to the courts.

CURTIS DENIES ANY INTEREST IN CONTRACTS

Topeka, Kas., Aug. 4—United States Senator Charles Curtis, when told today about the allegations made by Senator Gore, at the Muskogee congressional inquiry into the Indian attorney fee matter, in which his name was used as one of those interested in the McMurray contracts, emphatically denied having any connection with the matter whatever. He gave the President, members of the cabinet, and his fellow Senators as witnesses to prove his assertions.

Senator Curtis today sent a dispatch to Chairman Burke, of South Dakota, of the board of inquiry and Congressman Campbell, of Kansas, member of the board, in which he declared that he would appear before the committee at any time and place desired.

Senator Curtis made the following statement for The Associated Press:

"The use of my name in connection with the McMurray and Long contracts is without foundation. I am not and have not been interested with either of them directly or indirectly. I have taken the position that the Chickasaws and Choctaws did not need attorneys to assist them in the sale of their reserve coal and asphalt lands nor in the sale of their reserved timber lands. I have contended that it was the duty of the government, under the law passed by congress to handle the property for the Indians. This can be verified by the President, members of his cabinet and senators."

BURN BOY AT STAKE—MAY DIE

Picture Show Gives Playmates Idea That May Cost Life.

Muncie, Ind., August 4.—A moving picture film in a local five-cent theatre depicting the burning of a white man at the stake by a party of Indians is blamed for the probably fatal injury of William Johnson, 6-year-old son of Lloyd Johnson.

While a crowd of children were "playing Indian" it was decided to burn one of the number at the stake, as described in the picture film, which some of them had seen. The choice fell on the Johnson lad and he willingly consented.

Newspapers were placed under him and twined about his body and then were set on fire. The other boys rushed valiantly to his rescue when they saw him writhing in pain, but they were too late.

ST. PAUL SHOWS 214,744

Census Indicates Growth From 163,065 in 1900.

Washington, August 5.—St. Paul, Minn., has a population of 214,744 according to the enumeration of the thirteenth census, figures on which were made public today by Census Director Durand. This is an increase of 51,679, or 31.7 per cent over 1900 when the population was 163,065.

Reading, Pa., has a population of 96,071. This is an increase of 17,110, or 21.7 per cent over 1900, when the population was 78,961.

The population of Allentown, Pa., is 51,913, an increase of 16,497, or 46.6 per cent over 1900 when the population was 35,416.

PUNCH CARTOONIST IS DEAD

Had Been With Famous Paper Many Years.

London, August 3.—Linley Sambourne, chief cartoonist of Punch, died today after a long illness.

Mr. Sambourne, whose signature to the leading cartoons has been a prominent feature of Punch for the past decade, commenced his connection with England's standard humorous weekly in 1867, when his first small drawing appeared through the encouragement of Mark Lemon, the first editor. He had been a continuous contributor since that date, and after long years as co-cartoonist with Sir John Tenniel was made chief cartoonist January 1, 1901.

He was born in London in 1845 and in addition to his work for Punch, he had illustrated a number of books.

PROGRESSIVES WINS

Governor Stubbs Is Renominated; Will Run for Senate.

Topeka, Kan., August 3.—Insurgents won almost a complete victory at the Kansas primaries yesterday. Six out of eight insurgent congressmen have been nominated in spite of everything the congressional organization in Washington and the regulars in Kansas could do to save their men. Their majorities run from 500 to 3,500.

Of the six stand-pat congressmen who were seeking renomination only two are sure of having their name on the ticket this fall. In the third district P. P. Campbell defeated Arthur Cranston, insurgent. In the first district the race is close but late returns indicate that D. R. Anthony, Cannon man, has won over representative T. A. McNeal.

Representative William A. Calderhead, in the fifth, leader of the standpatters was defeated by about 2,000 votes. Victor Murdock and E. H. Madison, insurgent leaders, had no opposition.

W. R. Stubbs for governor has been renominated over Thomas Wagstaff by a majority of 20,000, or 2,000 more than he had over Cy Leland two years ago. Stubbs is an insurgent, Wagstaff a regular.

The Ticket.

From the present indications the Republican candidates for congress in Kansas will be:

First district, D. R. Anthony, standpatter, Leavenworth, majority over McNeal, about 600.

Second district, A. C. Mitchel, insurgent, Lawrence; majority over Scott 1,000.

Third district, Philip P. Campbell, standpatters, Pittsburg, renominated by reduced figures.

Fourth district, Frederick S. Jackson, insurgent, Eureka; majority over Miller 3,500.

Fifth district, R. R. Rees, insurgent, Minneapolis; majority over Calderhead 2,000.

Sixth district—I. D. Young, insurgent, Beloit; majorty over Reader 1,500.

Seventh district, Edward H. Madison, insurgent, incumbent, Dodge City

Eighth district, Victor Murdock, insurgent, incumbent, Wichita

Governor Stubbs, who was renominated, is considered a probable opponent of United States Senator Charles Curtis in 1912. He lined up with the insurgents while Senator Curtis took part in the recent campaign in behalf of the regulars.

STAND PATTERS ELECTED IN OKLAHOMA PRIMARIES

Guthrie, Okla., August 3.—Insurgent Republican candidates for congress in the primary election yesterday were defeated in three Oklahoma districts in which definite returns have been obtained.

The following standpatters seem sure of nomination:

First district—Bird S. McGuire, Pawnee (incumbent).

Second district—Dick T. Morgan, Woodward (incumbent).

Third district—C. E. Creager, Muskogee (incumbent).

In the Fourth district C. M. Campbell, regular Republican, had no opposition in his own party.

In the Fifth district returns are yet too meagre to say which of the three Republican candidates were successful.

Democrats are known to have been nominated for congress as follows:

Third district—James L. Davenport, Vinita.

Fourth district—Charles D. Carter, Reidmore (incumbent).

Returns are coming slowly, and some of the remote parts of the state will not be heard from before tomorrow.

Incomplete returns indicate that the race between Lee Cruce and W. H. Murray for the Democratic nomination for governor was very close, with Cruce leading by a small margin.

Joseph McNeal, of Guthrie, is running ahead of Thomas Ferguson for the Republican gubernatorial nomination.

MURDOCK SAYS IT MEANS REPUDIATION OF CANNON

Wichita, Kan., August 3.—Victor Murdock, the insurgent leader in congress, in his home in this city today, heard the news of the insurgent victories in Kansas yesterday.

Mr. Murdock said to the Associated Press:

"The significance of the overwhelming insurgent victory in Kansas is two-fold.

"First, it is a complete repudiation of both Cannon and the system by which he has robbed the people of free government in the house. Scott, Miller and Reeder were chairmen of important house committees, while Calderhead was on the ways and means committee. All were beaten because they subscribed to the Cannon system.

"Second, the Kansas insurgent victory is an effort by the Republicans of Kansas to say with emphasis to the nation that the Republican party of Kansas, by endorsing Governor Stubbs and the Kansas insurgents in congress, stands for immediate and effective legislation framed to drive special and selfish interests out of control in American politics."

The Democrats had no candidates for congress in the First and Eighth districts. In the first J. H. Calger's name was written in the ballot. He was nominated. In the other districts the nominations of the following Democrats is indicated:

Second district, Grant Harrington, Kansas City; Third district, J. D. Botkin, Winfield; Fourth district, Henderson Martin, Marion; Fifth district, G. T. Helvering, Marysville; Sixth district, H. O. Caster, Oberlin; Seventh district, G. A. Neeley, Hutchinson.

PASTOR AMAZED AT SKIRT

Dr. Shaw Voices His Disgust After Seeing One in Paris.

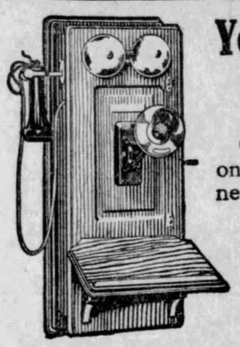
Chicago, August 3.—Rev. John Balcom Shaw, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, has had a glimpse of the "hobble skirt" in Paris and does not like it. A cable dispatch to the Chicago Daily News yesterday contained comments made by Rev. Mr. Shaw after he had observed the curious sack-bottom skirts in their native haunts.

According to the dispatch, a strange expression of amazement and disgust spread over his face as, seated in the parlor of a fashionable hotel, he watched elegant Parisiennes, wearing huge hats, passing along at the tiptoe gait made necesary by the bound-in skirt bottoms.

"I suppose that if fashion decreed handcuffs and the ball and chain, womankind would accept them without a murmur," said Dr. Shaw.

"Have you ever visited Paris before?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes, I know the city well. It seems even worse than it was on my former visits. Last night, when I took a walk on the boulevards, I was aghast at the open display of vice and the flaunting gaiety. **The apparent lack of religious feeling is shocking."**



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Your name and address written in this space and mailed to our nearest house will bring complete information

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CORN CONDITION LOW

Average Drops, but Acreage Will Make Larger Production.

Washington, August 8.—The average condition of the corn crop on August 1, as estimated by the crop reporting board of the department of agriculture made public with the general monthly crop report at 2:30 p. m. today, was 79.3 as compared with 85.4 last month, 84.4 a year ago and 82.1 the average on August 1 for the past 10 years.

In spite of lower condition in corn crop, the increased acreage devoted to that cereal probably will increase the crop of the present year about 80,000,000 bushels over the crop of last year, according to the view of exprt statisticians in this city.

These statisticians declare that while the drought in the northwest will make the wheat crop smaller than last year, there will be a liberal supply for export. They state that the winter wheat that was not abandoned would give a greater yield than was expected. The oat crop will be as big as last year, when it was unusually large.

In the comparative tables of the important corn states the corn condition for 1910 in Ohio is shown to be 86; in Indiana, 87, and in Michigan 76. The ten-year averages for these states is: Ohio, 85; Indiana, 85; Michigan, 82. Louisiana has the highest, 94.

Winter Wheat Good.

Preliminary returns indicate a winter wheat yield of about 15.8 bushels per acre, or a total of about 458,294,000 bushels as compared with 15.8, and 446,366,000 bushels respectively as finally estimated last year. The average quality of the crop is 92.6 against 90.3 last year.

In yield of winter wheat Ohio shows 16.2; Indiana, 15.6, and Michigan, 17.7. Production, Ohio, 31,493,000. Indiana, 40,981,000; Michigan, 15,381,000. Quality, Ohio, 91; Indiana, 91; Michigan, 93.

The average condition of spring wheat on August 1 was 60.0, as compared with 61.6 last month, 91.6 last year, and 81.9 the 10 year average on that date.

The Oats Crop.

The average condition of the oat crop on August 1 was 81.5, as compared with 82.2 last month, 85.5 a year ago, 76.8 in 1908, and 82.6 the 10 year average on that date.

Ohio's oat condition is 92; Indiana, 92, and Michigan, 80, compared with their respective 10-year averages of 86, 82 and 88.

The average condition of tobacco on August 1 was 78.5, as compared with 85.3 last month, 83.4 a year ago, 85.8 in 1908, and 82.6 the 10 year average on that date.

The condition in important tobacco states was: Kentucky, 77; North Carolina, 74; Virginia, 85; Ohio, 80; Pennsylvania, 86; Tennessee, 86; Wisconsin, 60; South Carolina, 75; Connecticut, 85; Florida, 82.

More in Farmers' Hands.

The proportion of last year's oat crop in farmers' hands on August 1 was about 6.3 per cent, or 63,249,000 bushels as compared with 3.3 per cent, or 26,323,000 bushels in 1909, and 5.8 per cent, or 50,394,000 bushels the average proportion on hand for the past 10 years on August 1.

The acreage of buckwheat is about 816,000 acres, or 2.2 per cent, 18,000 acres less than last year.

The preliminary estimate of the acreage of hay is 45,005,000 acres, or 1.6 per cent, (739,000 acres less than last year.

Th condition of other minor crops on August 1, as reported by the crop reporting board is as follows:

Crop	1910	10-yr-av.
Barley	70.0	85.3
Buckwheat	87.9	91.1
White potatoes	75.8	86.0
Flax	51.7	88.4
Rice	87.6	89.2
Hay	83.0	87.2
Apples	47.8	55.4

The preliminary estimate of the area of rye harvested is 1.7 per cent less than last year. The preliminary estimate of yield per acre is 16.3 against a 10-year average of 16.0 bushels. The indicated total production is 32,088,000 bushels against 32,239,000 finally estimated in 1909. The quality of the crop is 92.7 against 92.9 last year.

UNCLE SAM OWES $1,296,436,833

Public Debt Statement Shows a Decrease During Last Month.

Washington, D. C., August 3.—The final figures of the statement of the public debt issued yesterday disclose that at the close of July the aggregate of the interest and non-interest bearing debt was $1,296,436,833, a decrease of $503,136 as compared with a month ago.

This total includes $913,317,490 of interest bearing debt, $2,074,105 of debt of which interest has ceased since maturity, and $381,045,238 of debt bearing no interest.

The certificates and treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury aggregated $1,363,703,669, which is an increase of almost $8,000,000 for the month.

AMERICA GETS GOOD SITE

Turin, August 8.—Francis B. Loomis, American commissioner to the international and industrial exposition to be held in Turin next year, today selected the site of the American pavillion at the exposition. The site is considered one of the best in the whole grounds.

PUTS SERUM IN OWN VEINS

Doctor, Bitten by Mad Horse, Takes Pasteur Treatment.

New York, August 5.—Scientists of the country are interested in the case of Dr. Robert A. McAuslin, a veterinary surgeon of Brooklyn, who was bitten two weeks ago by a mad horse and has since been giving himself the Pasteur treatment. With a hypodermic needle McAuslin injects the serum every evening. The operation causes intense pain, yet he refuses to take an anesthetic or to summon a physician. He has shown no ill effect from the bite to date and is confident that his treatment has been a sucecss. Dr. McAuslin is about 30 years old.

"The serum has a sort of sickening effect upon me for the time being," he said, describing his sensations. "Then a sort of dizziness comes over me. When this feeling leaves me I have a sick spell that lasts about an hour. After that I am all right and able to attend to my business. I also drink great quantities of milk and eat little meat. I take plenty of exercise and sleep as much as possible."

Physicians who have visited the veterinary think he has rid his system of the dreaded disease.

RAIN RELIEVES CROPS

Western Situation Is Considerably Improved.

Washington, August 6.—The heavy rains which have fallen in various parts of the west during the week have broken the severe dry spell which has worried the settlers for more than two months. Reports to the weather bureau show that practically the entire western country from eastern Wyoming and Colorado to the Pacific coast states, and from the Canadian boundary to Mexico has just experienced one of the worst droughts of the last quarter century. The only times in recent years when the lack of water has been felt as much were in the summers of 1894 and 1901.

Prior to this week no rain to amount to anything had fallen for months throughout the Rocky mountain region, the great southwest, nor in parts of the far and central northwest, and as a result everything reached the condition which the settlers call "burned up."

The long siege of scorching weather caused great losses of many natural resources, particularly the forests, where conditions became favorable for the spread of fire, and water in the streams used for irrigation and for power development. In the distribution of rain this year it looks to the westerner as if the east received it all.

In many states the rainfall has been less than 65 per cent of the normal amount, and in some places it has been as low as 28 and 35 per cent. This is serious in a country where the normal rainfall is always low, compared with the eastern and northwestern coast states. While the eastern states have had in most cases from 10 to 24 inches of rain since March 10, the western states have been having only one and a half to six inches. As a general average for the western states this is only about 45 per cent of the normal fall.

In some sections rain is still needed to relieve the situation. The forests are as dry as tinder and flames are licking through valuable timber in a half dozen states. Many water holes in some regions are drying up, and cattle are compelled to walk miles for water. The ranges are seared, and the dry, dead grass and other forage plants offer less than half nourishment for stock. Both cattle and sheep, particularly sheep, are suffering as a result, bringing about a serious loss of food resources. Crops are suffering, especially in the dry farming region, where there is no irrigation, although crop losses are reported not to be as heavy as might be expected under the unfavorable conditions. More rains are hoped for by all the itnerests affected by the drought.

This week's rainfall in parts of the Rocky Mountain states, the southwest and the far northwest has done much to check losses, and additional downpours will find a hearty welcome.

CANCELS AUDIENCE OF MABIE

Pope Does Not Receive Editorial Colleague of Roosevelt.

Rome, August 8.—A curious incident has come to light as a consequence of the troubles which marked Mr. Roosevelt's sojourn in Rome.

Hamilton W. Mabie, of New York, was some time ago in Italy, and while he was in Rome everything had been arranged at the vatican in order that he might have a private audience with the pope. Then it was learned at the apostolic palace that he was one of the editors of the Outlook and all the arrangements were countermanded.

It was feared that an audience to a colleague in editorship of Mr. Roosevelt might bring about further complications in a situation already sufficiently embarrassing.

THREE LIVES SAVED BY DOG

Newport News, Va., August 8.—Dr. H. I. Adler, a prominent physician, his wife and little daughter were all saved from death in their burning home by the barking of their pet dog, which ran to their room, and, jumping on the bed where the sleepers lay, barked and scratched until the physician awakened.

Quickly awakening his wife and child, they rushed through the smoke and flames and safely gained the door. The dog also escaped, dashing from the building immediately after awaking the occupants.

CHURCH HALTED RIOT

Catholics Call Off Demonstration Planned at San Sabastian Sunday.

Madrid, August 6.—The decision of the Catholic committee to abandon the anti-government demonstration which was to have been made on Sunday at San Sebastian was reached at the end of a stormy session. The members of the committee had been threatened with arrest and prosecution for issuing and insulting and rebellious manifesto against the government.

Premier Canalejas today said:

"The Catholics who signed the manifesto do not comprehend the meaning of modern liberty."

Provincials Sent Hot Telegrams.

Two hundred residents of the province of Navarre have telegraphed Premier Canalejas that the history of Navarre is written in blood and that they are ready to die for their religion.

Premier Canalejas today issued a statement outling his policy. In it Senor Canalejas declares that the demonstration would have been permitted elsewhere than at San Sebastian or Bilboa; in fact that he desires it to be held in order that its strength may be shown. He says, however, that the law will be enforced and that his adversaries will be responsible for whatever happens. The premier says in part:

CARLISTS WANT VATICAN TO TAKE DEFINITE STAND.

Rome, August 6.—The Carlist party in Spain and also adherents of the pretender who have emigrated or been expelled from Spain, are urging the vatican to take a definite stand upon the suggested rising of the Carlists during the present crisis. Appeals have been made to t ehvatican to declare whether, in case the Carlists organize a movement to restore the traditional political and religious institutions in their country, they would have the support of the Holy See and the Roman Catholic clergy.

Priests Distribute Arms.

"I know that priests are distributing arms and also that the manifestants intend to bring arms and also that the manifestants intend to bring women and children with them in order to prevent military intervention. But I am determined to enforce respect for the law. Troops will be distributed at strategic points and the railroad will be held for reinforcements.

"If my adversaries want a lesson, they shall have it. They will be responsible for whatever happens."

El Liberal, in its issue of yesterday, demands the expulsion of Msgr. Viceo, the papal nuncio to Spain, on the ground that he is inciting Catholics to rebellion.

Premier Canalejas said today that the vileness of the telegrams he is receiving warranted the prosecution of their senders.

A regiment of Hussars left Madrid for San Sebastian, the summer capital, yesterday morning, followed by another regiment of cavalary and two battalions of chausseurs. A regiment of infantry also was ordered to San Sebastian from Vittoria.

Governors of the Basque provinces and the adjoining province of Navarre have issued orders to the mayors of all the municipalities in these provinves to warn the Roman Catholics against assembling or entering San Sebastian with arms.

CINCY'S POPULATION 364,463

Second City in Ohio Adds 38

GAYNOR IS SHOT BY AN ASSASSIN

Chief Executive Fired on Three Times as He Is Saying Good-Bye to Friends Before Sailing for Europe.

New York, August 9.—Mayor William J. Gaynor was shot and dangerously wounded at 9:45 o'clock this morning as he stood on the deck of the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse at the steamship's pier in Hoboken, N. J., about to start on a month's vacation in Europe.

The shooting was done by a stranger who later gave his name as James J. Gallagher, living at 444 Third avenue, New York. He was later identified as a former city employe who recently had been discharged.

William Edwards, street commissioner of New York, standing near the mayor, was grazed by one of the bullets. It inflicted a slight wound on his arm which was not noticed at first.

Mrs. Sophie Johnson, who keeps the rooming house at No. 444 Third avenue, where Gallagher lives, when told this morning that her border had attempted to kill the mayor, exclaimed with an expression of disgust: "The old fool! What did he do that for?"

Mrs. Johnson described Gallagher as a man of quiet and retiring demeanor, about 50 years of age. She said he had been living in her house for more than two years. He evidently had employment as a night watchman, for it was his custom to go out every night at 10 o'clock and return at half past eight in the morning. For the last two or three weeks, however, it was apparent that he had been out of work, for Mrs. Johnson said he had not been keeping his regular hours.

Not Active in Politics.

Gallagher, according to Mrs. Johnson, came in at 6:30 this morning and went to his room, and his landlady did not see him go out again. He occupied a single room at the rear of the house and she regarded him as a first class boarder. As far as known he was not active in politics. He had no friends in the house, and his viistors from outside Mrs. Johnson described as men of good appearance and address.

Three shots were fired at the mayor. Two of them missed and the third lodged in the fleshy portion of the neck. Blood gushed from the wound, and the first hasty examinations led to the belief of serious and perhaps fatal consequences. The mayor retained consciousness, and later examination by the physicians, when the mayor was taken to the hospital, gave a more hopeful outlook.

The shooting occurred under circumstances of the most dramatic character. Mayor Gaynor came aboard the steamer accompanied by a number of prominent city officials about to bid him adieu on his trip abroad. The party proceeded to the upper deck and were assembled in a group giving final greetings. Crowds of passengers were about on deck and with friends waving adieu from the pier. The mayor's party had just formed a group preparatory to having their picture taken.

Stranger Pushes Through Crowd.

Suddenly a stranger pushed through the throng from the rear. He approached the mayor and without a word began to fire. The shots rang out in quick succession. Instantly there was the greatest excitement and confusion.

Mayor Gaynor was seen to fall to the deck, and the gushing wound told that he had been hit. At the same moment a ship's guard sprang forward and dealt the assassin a blow on the head with a billy, felling him to the deck, where officers quickly seized him. He was turned over to the Hoboken police, and taken at once to headquarters.

There he gave the name of Gallagher, and in response to inquiries as to why he had committed the deed, he replied sullenly: "He kept me from earning my bread and butter."

Meantime Mayor Gaynor had been carried to a state room. He remained conscious, but breathed heavily. He was calm, but apparently apprehensive that the wound was grave. An ambulance was summoned to the pier, and the wounded mayor was placed on a stretcher and carried to the ambulance. The vehicle was driven to St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, where the mayor was immediately taken to the operating room. He was still conscious and occasionally spoke to those about him. To the city officials who accompanied him to the hospital, he indicated the gravity with which he viewed the shot, by remarking:

"Say good-bye to the people."

Not Necessarily Fatal.

The hospital physicians made a careful examination of the wound. Their conclusion agreed with that of the ship's surgeon that the injury was not necessarily fatal. It was found that the bullet had entered the mayor's neck back of the ear, burying itself in the region of the mastoid bone. The bullet was not located, and no effort was made to probe. It was decided to await the arrival of a surgeon from New York, who was hastily summoned. Meantime the mayor remained calm and collected. His chief difficulty came from the gathering of blood in his throat. After the ministrations of the physicians, Mr. Gaynor expressed himself as feeling reasonably comfortable.

The attempt to assassinate the mayor cause intense excitement throughout New York. The prominence of the city executive in recent months in city affairs, and, to a growing extent in state and national affairs, attracted widespread attention. Everywhere the news of the attempt on his life was received with evidences of profound regret. In all public places, hotels, the financial district, clubs and subways, the affair was the absorbing topic. One of the first dispatches of condolence was from ex-President Roosevelt, expressing horror and indignation at the crime.

Officials With Him.

With Mayor Gaynor when he was shot was Health Commissioner Ledere, Dock Commissioner Calvin Tomkins and Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards.

Gallagher, the mayor's assailant, was taken before Recorder McGovern. He displayed little emotion.

ANOTHER CITY OFFICIAL HIT BY MAN'S BULLETS.

New York, August 9.—It has just been learned that Street Cleaning Commissioner William Edwards, of New York, was slightly wounded by one of the bullets intended for Mayor Gaynor. Edwards, who was standing by the mayor, seized Gallagher's arm. One of the bullets passed through the street commissioner's sleeve and grazed his left arm. The wound, however, was so slight that Mr. Edwards only discovered it after the excitement had subsided.

"He deprived me of my bread and butter," said the discharged dock employe. "I didn't want porterhouse steak," he added.

Recorder McGovern held the prisoner without bail to await the result of the mayor's injuries.

Gallagher, the mayor's assailant, was appointed a watchman in the New York City dock department April 7, 1908. He was discharged July 19, 1910, after having been found guilty of neglect of duty and misconduct. Among his other transgressions was the fact that he failed to punch the dial on the time clock that recorded his presence. He was also charged with using insulting language to an inspector. Since his discharge Gallagher has been writing letters to the mayor.

Save for the servants the Gaynor residence in Brooklyn was deserted this morning, all the members of the family, with the exception of Rufus Gaynor, a son, being down at St. James, Long Island. Rufus went over to the steamship to say goodby to his father there.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes without additional help or medicine—that I think every man, who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, accept what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Lock Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

SCOFF AT BATHS IN WHISKY

English Doctors Say Rockefeller's Plan Will Not Work.

London, August 9.—The cabled reports about John D. Rockefeller's whisky bath have caused a good deal of amusement and no little interest here, but physicians scoff at the idea. Said one medical expert well known for his knowledge of the virtues and vices of alcohol: "Alcohol applied to the skin can have no more effect in supplying the system with nutrition than would oil, the value of which in its right place Rockefeller knows better than I do. Applied to a black eye alcohol, gently administered, has a soothing effect. Taken internally, say when you are physically numb, it is a capital stimulant, but from one end of Harley street to the other you will not get a physician to tell you that either internally or externally it can add vitality to the tissues.

"Mud baths, vapor baths and other baths open the natural gateways of the human system, but this plan locks them up. It is ridiculous."

PARROT ROUTS A BURGLAR

"Good Night, Sir," Bird Screeches and Burglar Flees.

Chicago, August 9.—"Good night, good night, sir!" fairly screamed Mrs. J. B. Radcliffe's parrot.

"Good night is right—so long—I'll beat it quick, too," replied a burglar who had forced open a window in Mrs. Radcliffe's home, 813 East Forty-seventh place, early yesterday morning, as he dropped into the passageway, scrambled to his feet and fled into the alley.

The parrot's cry took the would-be intruder completely by surprise, as it was in a cage a few feet from the open window, and he fled without attempting to ransack the flat.

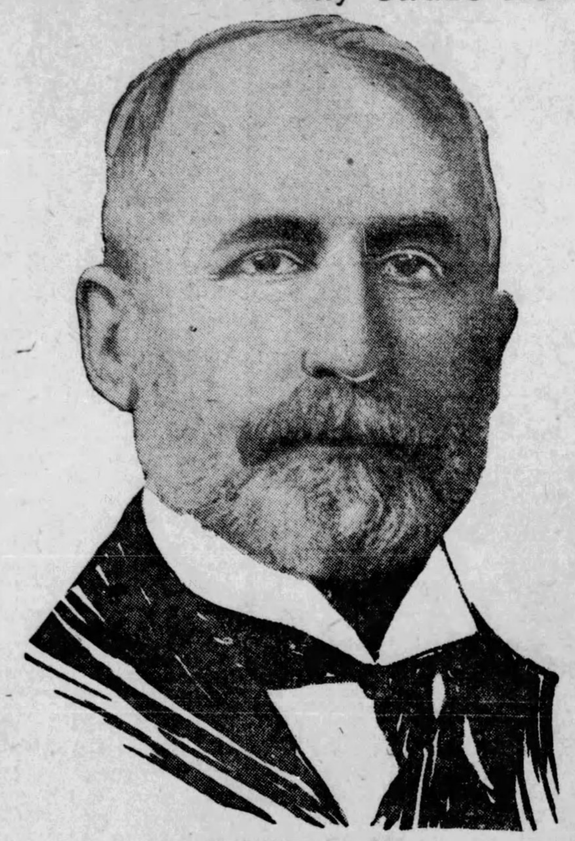
BORROW TO PAY TROOPS

Columbus, August 9.—State Auditor Fullington and State Treasurer Creamer have made arrangements with the First National bank of Columbus, a state depository, by which the state will be able to borrow the $60,000 emergency allowed for paying the troops for strike duty without paying interest. The state will deposit $60,000 surplus funds with the bank and borrow it right back at the same interest the bank pays.

62 Bu. per Acre **Winter Wheat**

The New Malakoff; The Great Russian Winter Wheat. Imported and introduced by us six years ago; has made the most remarkable record for large yields, certain crop and quality in the annals of American wheat growing. We also grow the Karkof, Trikah Red and Fultz varieties; Mammoth White Rye, all Strictly Northern Grown. Samples of any two varieties with Catalog Free. For additional samples of Wheat, Rye, Alfalfa, Clovers, Grasses or other seeds inclose 1c in stamps for each to pay postage. RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Bullet Wound May Cause Death



WILLIAM J. GAYNOR,
Mayor of New York.

Would-Be Assassin Signs a Confession

New York, August 9.—Gallagher made the following signed confession of his act to Robert W. Bell, acting chief of police of Hoboken:

"I came over to Hoboken at 9:20 this morning. I went to the steamship pier, and I went on board the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. I met a clergyman on board of the steamer and I asked him to point out Mayor Gaynor to me.

"He did so, and shortly after I fired a shot at the mayor. I do not know if I fired more than one shot or not.

"Knowing that Mayor Gaynor was going to Europe this morning to enjoy himself after depriving me of my bread and butter, 'not porterhouse steak,' I was irritated to the point of committing the act.

Prisoner Remarkably Cool.

"The revolver you show me is the revolver that I done the shooting at the mayor with. I don't know how many shots were in the revolver when I used it. I have had this revolver a long time in my possession. I carried it when I was in the employ of the city."

Gallagher seemed remarkably cool while making this statement, to which he affixed his signature.

Detective Sergeant A. B. Closter arrived at Gallagher's boarding house at about 10:45, and, accompanied by Mrs. Sophie Johnson, Gallagher's landlady, went at once to Gallagher's room. The room, which is a small one on the third floor, was much littered up. A number of medicine bottles were in evidence and it was clear that Gallagher had spent much of his time recently in reading the newspapers.

It was said in the neighborhood that Gallagher had been drinking a good deal of late and rumor had it that he had lost $300 on the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

Inspector Russell is to take charge of the case against Gallagher.

LE BLANC LEADS AGAIN

Second Leg of Great French Contest Proves Victory for Bleriot Biplane.

Nancy, France, August 9.—Le Blanc and Aubrun again led the van on today's leg of the cross-country aeroplane race.

The second section of the flight was from Troyes to Nancy, a distance of 165 kilometres, or approximately 102 5-10 miles.

The race between the leaders was an exciting one. Aubrun started five miles earlier than Le Blanc, and the air men were within sight of each other until they landed here. Le Blanc's machine proved the swifter, and he gradually overhauled the other, reaching the goal 30 seconds ahead of his rival.

Both men used Bleriot monoplanes and steered by compass, checking their positions from the flags which had been placed on the church steeples in the villages over which they passed and by the smoke of bonfires that marked the course over the country streches.

Course is 488 Miles.

The distance which the contestants must cover in six stages is 488 miles, and extends from Paris to Troyes and Nancy, Zezieres, Charleville, Douai, Amiens and back to Paris. Twenty thousand dollars is offered for the aviator who makes the distance in the shortest elapsed time. Le Blanc covered the first leg from the aviation field at Issy Les Moulineaux to Troyes, about 84 miles, in 1 hour, 33 minutes and 20 seconds. Aubrun's time for the distance was 1 hour 37 minutes and 25 seconds.

Both Le Blanc and Aubrun traveled at an average height of about 1,600 feet. They were badly shaken in the air eddies over the forest of Toul, west of this city. Le Blanc's time was 2 hours 14 minutes and 59 seconds, and Aubrun's was 2 hours 20 minutes and 29 seconds.

M. Le Gagneux was the only other contestant who arrived here without having made a stop.

Le Blanc is Chosen.

Paris, August 9.—Alfred Le Blanc was today selected to represent France in the international balloon race in the United States in the fall.

The international balloon race will start from St. Louis on October 17. Le Blanc represented France in the race from the same city in 1907 and finished second. He landed at Hertsville, N. J., after covering a distance of 867.4 miles.

ANCIENT SHIP IS ON LAST TRIP

Frigate Portsmouth Will Become Naval Museum.

New York, August 9.—The frigate Portsmouth, the last of the old square rigged participants in the civil war still afloat, weighed anchor yesterday on the first leg of her last journey. She will shortly sail for Seattle, where she is to be transformed into a naval museum.

The Portsmouth was built at Portsmouth, N. H., but she was largely manned by state of Washington men and the claim of their descendants was given first call by the federal government.

Her journey yesterday was brief. She was towed to the New York navy yard, where her seams will be fresh calked for her trip around the Horn and up the Pacific coast. Until last year the Portsmouth was kept in commission as a training ship for the New Jersey naval reserves, but they abandoned her for the more modern monitor Tonopah.

FASTS 28 DAYS; NOW CAN'T EAT

Woman Tries Cure for Indigestion and Is Under Care of a Doctor.

Chicago, August 9.—Unable to eat after completing a fast of 28 days, Miss Ruby Dale, a music teacher at Elgin, Ill., is in a serious condition and under a physician's care.

The only way in which nourishment can be given is by rubbing oil into her body. Miss Dale had been troubled with indigestion. She read a number of theories that fasting would cure all stomach ailments, and decided to try it. After fasting 25 days she tried to eat, but couldn't.

FREIGHT RATES TO BE HELD UP

Proposed Advances on Live Stock to Be Investigated.

Washington, August 9.—Proposed advance in the freight rate on live stock of 2¼ cents a hundred pounds between Missouri river and Mississippi river points, which were to have become effective August 15, will be suspended pending an inquiry by the inter-state commerce commission into the reasonableness of the increases.

RAIN IS DISASTER IN JAPAN

House and Occupants Buried Under Landslide.

Tokio, August 9.—A torrential rain that continued today has caused devastating floods principally in Shizuoka province on the southern coast.

Hundreds of houses have been submerged and one occupied by a number of students in the province of Shizuoka was buried with its tenants beneath a landslide.

Washouts along the railway lines are reported and several trains have been derailed as a consequence.

FINES ROCKEFELLER $8

Squire Lets Him Off Easy for First Offense.

Cleveland, August 9.—"John D. Rockefeller, charged with speeding an automobile, pleaded guilty and was fined $5 and costs amounting to $3."

Thus reads the records of the court of 'Squire Dean, of South Euclid village.

The trial of the oil king, caught in a speed trap last Thursday, was set for 10 this morning, but he failed to appear, sending his superintendent instead. The latter admitted his master's guilt, and handed over $8 from the Rockefeller private treasury, but inasmuch as the warrant was issued for John D. Rockefeller himself, Justice Dean made the entry as above.

Superintendent Knapp, of Forest Hill, the Rockefeller estate, was accompanied by the chauffeur who drove Rockefeller through South Euclid village last Friday at a speed estimated by Constable Bilkey, who served the summons on the multimillionaire, to be 30 miles an hour.

Justice Dean was so flurried that he forgot to get the name of the driver.

The justice, asked why he fined the richest man in the world only $5 and costs, said:

"It was his first offense. I do not think it right to treat him differently from any other person."

KNIGHTS POUR OUT IN RECORD PARADE

Chicago, August 9.—A trumpet blared, a thousand orders were shouted as one, out from acres of waving, glistening white plumes a steady, broad ribbon of gleaming white poured itself out into Michigan boulevard with banners bearing heraldic devices and with cross-hilted swords at shoulder, and there began in Chicago today the greatest parade of Knights Templars ever witnessed in the history of the order.

Every knight attending the thirty-first triennial conclave who could get into line was there, a part of the seemingly endless stream of white bonneted, somberly-attired Knights, nor did the stream stop at a given point for three hours.

Governor Is Saluted.

The Right Honorable Henry James, Earl of Euston, cousin of King George of England, and Most Eminent Supreme pro-Grand Master of the Great Priory of England and Wales, awaited beside the line, attired in his full regalia as head of the British Templary, to review the followers of the Red Cross. Farther on Mayor Fred Busse was saluted, and still further Governor Charles S. Deneen acknowledged the tribute of flashing steel.

This was the big day of the conclave. Later will come drilling for prizes, in which the flower of the knighthood will "joust" in pantomime, but this day was that on which a half million persons stood beside the winding streets in awe and wonderment, while the thousands of knights were on parade.

16 Grand Divisions in Line.

Sixteen grand divisions swept down the line of march, then broke to reconvene in the afternoon in the music hall where the conclave was to be opened and where addresses of welcome were to be delivered by Right Eminent Sir Cleveland, Grand Commander of Knights Templars of Illinois; by Mayor Busse and Governor Deneen.

Tonight the Earl of Euston will receive invited guests at the headquarters hotel and the different state commanderies will hold open house at their various headquarters.

U. S. PROTESTS IN NICARAGUA

Washington, August 9.—Invasion of American property in Nicaragua by soldiers of Madriz has called forth a formal protest from the United States. The state department has repeated its ultimatum to both factions in Nicaragua that American property must be protected.

The situation of the Madriz government is precarious, according to state department reports.

The Madriz soldiers have been invading the property of Americans, impressing laborers and appropriating provisions again, according to state department advices from Consular Agent W. De Savigny at Matagalpa.

MESSAGE CARRIED SHERMAN'S NAME

MacAlester, Okla., August 9.—Senator T. P. Gore, at the congressional investigation of the Indian land deals today, introduced and had read to the investigating committee telegrams in which the names of Vice President Sherman and Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas were mentioned. One of the telegrams read:

"With McMurray there to state our claims, with Mr. Curtis and Mr. Sherman, who understand better than anybody else what we want, and with the assistance of our president, it begins to look like we are coming into our own."

This telegram was dated at Kinta, Okla., May 2 last, and was sent to Richard C. Adams, attorney at Washington, by George W. Scott, J. F. McMurray's agent among the Indians.

Won't Reflect on Sherman.

Its relation to Senator Gore's charges of having been offered $25,000 bribe to "put through" congress the $30,000,000 McMurray Indian land deal was explained by the senator:

"It merely shows the activity of the McMurray interests at Washington," said Senator Gore. "By offering this evidence, I do not wish to reflect either on Mr. Sherman or Mr. Curtis," said the senator.

"Do you mean that as an exoneration from you of Mr. Sherman?" asked Dennis Flynn, attorney for McMurray.

"It is merely to state that if the names of these men were taken in vain at one time they may have been at another," replied Mr. Gore.

Another telegram from McMurray at Washington was read. It orders that McMurray's agent among the Indians send 50 telegrams urging congress to pass the measure allowing $3,000,000 "attorneys' fees."

THINK REVENGE MURDER MOTIVE

Cleveland, August 9.—The mystery in connection with the murder of William L. Rice, wealthy attorney, here last Friday night, seems no nearer solution than when the body of the dying man was found.

Yesterday the belief that he was killed by chicken thieves, who, it was thought, he had intercepted, was accepted by a majority of those working on the case as the most plausible theory. Today belief is turning back to the theory of revenge, first held in the case by local officials. Another development is the entry of Pinkerton detectives into the case.

Recall Old Threat.

Despite the insistence of the closest friends of Rice that he had no bitter enemies, investigation will be made at once of a story which furnishes what most of the rumors in circulation in connection with the killing have failed to offer, the motive for the crime. This was personal revenge.

The story relates to one of Mr. Rice's clients of several years ago. This man, according to a man who was familiar with the case, was a client of the dead lawyer. Into Mr. Rice's hands he gave the entire responsibility of clearing up a deal involving many thousand dollars. When it was all over the client claimed Mr. Rice's handling of his affairs had left him virtually penniless.

One day he called at the attorney's office. The interview was brief, but decisive. The client charged the attorney with being responsible for his financial ruin, and they all but came to blows. They were kept apart and the client left, but before going he made the threats that are responsible for the proposed investigation.

"I will get you for this," the client is said to have threatened. "I won't say when, but I'll get you."

Get Another Clue.

For the first time yesterday a tangible clew led the police to hunt for a well-dressed man as Rice's slayer. The new evidence, given by Michael Brown, coachman for Howell Hinds' president of the United Mines corporation and neighbor of the Rices, resulted in the shift of one faction of the police temporarily from the trail of rough-looking, roughly-dressed highwaymen to lines that may lead higher in the social scale. Michael Brown declares that within two minutes after he heard shots on the night of the murder he looked from his window, 500 yards from the scene of the shooting, and saw a stranger, neatly attired, stumbling in the dark along the gravel roadway under the window. Brown gives a partial description of the man, but it corresponds with that of no one whom the detectives have in mind.

Another piece of testimony picked up raises a wholly new theory as to how Rice came to his death—that he was killed by brawlers, without motive, intoxicated. Dr. E. O. Spence and C. J. Preyer, who live on Mayfield road, more than a mile from the shooting, announced yesterday that on Friday night late, a wagon containing five men rumbled past their homes, and seven shots or more were fired at random. The men seemed to be quarreling. Their talk, so far as overheard, was as to the legality of shooting inside the village limits.

Hunt for Chicken Thieves.

The bags and dead chickens found on the scene are still exerting their influence in the detectives' work. Doran, Sheriff Hirstius and Chief Brockway spent much of the day trying to learn who owned the burlap bags. Calling on a sick boy who used to be employed by a bag making concern, the officers learned that he had repaired one of the two sacks a year ago, but had forgotten for whom he did the job.

It was reported yesterday that the disagreement among the city, county and village police working on the case had reached an acute stage. "The Cleveland police will give all aid in their power," said Chief Kohler, "even to the extent of detailing men to the work. But the case is now so vague, and the tangled clews are now so many and so futile, that I will not act until I am called on, or believe we can do good."

A boy taken into custody by Chief Brockway Sunday night was accused of trespassing on the Euclid club golf links and the charge was nolled last night. The boy had no connection with the Rice mystery and was not thought to have any. He had been told to keep off the golf links, according to Brockway, but had insisted on going there. It was reported he was a discharged caddy who had threatened Mr. Rice.

BLAMED FOR SMASH-UP

Conductor Is Said to Have Disobeyed Orders.

Wahington, August 9.—The size of the loaf of bread the baker in Chicago bakes is to be passed upon by the supreme court of the United States. A case involving the question of the validity of a Chicago city ordinance regulating the size and weight of a loaf of bread offered for sale in Chicago was today docketed in the supreme court. It will come up for consideration in the course of a year and a half.

SEIDEL IN POLITICAL DEBATE

Socialist Mayor to Meet With La Follette and Bancroft.

Milwaukee, August 9.—Mayor Seidel has accepted an invitation to a political debate with Senator La Follette and Levi H. Bancroft at Delavan, August 18. The mayor will speak first and may reply to the other speakers.

Judge J. C. Ludwig called on the mayor yesterday and invited him to deliver an address at the meeting of the North American Saengerbund in Baltimore in September. During his spare moments Mayor Seidel has directed his attention to poetry. His latest composition is the Song of the Rip Saw, which tends to show the penalty humanity pays for speeding through life.

AKRON HAS GROWN RAPIDLY

Increased 61.6 Per Cent, and Evansville Gained 18 Per Cent.

Washington, August 9.—The poulation of Akron, O., is 69,067, according to figures given out today by Census Director Durand. This is an increase of 26,339, or 61.6 perc net over 1900.

Evansville, Ind., has a population of 69,647 according to the census figures issued today. This is an increase of 10,640, or 18 per cent over 1900.

THRESHER MEETS DEATH

Struck on Head by Belt of Separator Blower.

Deerfield, Mich., August 9. — While threshing at John Stahl's, four miles west of here, late yesterday afternoon, John Stegel, 35, resident of the same neighborhood, was struck on the head by a blower belt and killed. He leaves a widow and several children.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, August 9.—The fact that wheat declined sharply at the outset was interpreted as evidence that the government report was bearish. Toledo cash opened ¼c down at $1.02½ and dropped ½c in the first half hour. September started ⅝c lower at $1.03⅛, December ⅞c off at $1.05⅝, and May ½c down at $1.10. Losses ranging from ⅛c to ⅝c developed early in the session among the futures. Cables at 1 p. m. were a little higher. Local receipts continued liberal, though not as large as Monday's.

Owing to the Masonic celebration at Chicago, the market closed at 12 m. Following the weakness early in the day came a feeling of strength and the market regained the losses, the futures being especially firm. Cash closed ¼c off at $1.02½, September ¼c off at $1.03¼, December ⅝c down at $1.06 and May ½c lower at $1.10⅝.

Favorable weather in the growing belt offset to some extent the bullish government report. September opened ⅝c down at 65c, December ¼c off at 61c and May ½c easier at 63¾c. The market firmed up a shade early in the morning hours.

Corn values were steady to 1c higher at the close, which follows: Cash, 66½c; September, 65¾c; December, 61½c; May, 63½c.

Quality of oats hardly could be better, receipts showing a remarkably large per cent of No. 2 white. Prices at the outset were unchanged, September opening at 37½c, December at 38⅞c and May at 41⅝c.

Cash oats finished at 37½c, September at 37⅞c, December at 39¼c and May at 41⅝c.

Cash clover seed opened unchanged at $6.30, but the futures were about 5c higher all around at 10 a. m. October and December opened at $8.35 and March at $8.40.

Final prices: Cash, $8.40; October, December and March, $8.45.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 9.	Close Aug. 8.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.02½	1.02½	1.02	1.02½	1.02⅝
Sept	1.03⅛	1.02⅝	1.02⅝	1.03⅛	1.03¼
Dec	1.05⅝	1.06	....	1.06	1.06⅝
May	1.10	1.10½	1.09⅞	1.10⅝	1.10¹¹⁄₁₆
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	66½	65⅝
Sept	65	....	....	65⅝	65⅝
Dec	61	....	....	61½	61¼
May	63⅝	....	63¼	63½	63½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	37½	37½
Sept	37½	38	....	37⅞	37½
Dec	38⅝	39½	....	39¼	38⅝
May	41⅝	42¼	....	42¼	41⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.30	....	....	8.40	8.30
Oct	8.35	....	....	8.45	8.32½
Dec	8.35	....	....	8.45	8.32½
March	8.40	....	....	8.45	8.32½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	73	73
No. 3	....	....	....	70	70
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	3.00	3.00
Aug	....	....	....	3.00	3.00
Sept	....	....	....	3.00	3.00
Alsike—					
Cash	....	....	....	8.30	8.30
Aug	....	....	....	8.30	8.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.01⅛	1.01⅝	1.00½	1.01½	1.01½
Dec	1.04¼	1.04⅝	1.03⅝	1.04½	1.04¼
May	1.08½	1.09¼	1.08⅜	1.09	1.09
Corn—					
Sept	62⅞	63⅜	....	63⅜	63
Dec	60¼	60⅝	59⅞	60⅝	60
May	61⅞	62⅛	61⅜	62⅜	61⅞
Oats—					
Sept	36⅜	37	36⅛	36⅜	36⅝
Dec	38¼	38⅝	....	38⅝	38½
May	40⅞	41¼	40⅜	41¼	40⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.07¼	....	....	....	1.07⅝
Dec	1.10½	....	....	....	1.10⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	99½	....	....	99½	1.00
Dec	1.03⅜	....	....	....	1.03⅜

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	....	1.11¼
Dec	....	....	....	....	1.12

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	....	1.14¼
May	....	....	....	....	1.12¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct	20.55	20.57	20.47	20.50	20.55
Sept	21.20	21.30	21.17	21.15	21.17
Jan	18.10	....	....	18.00	17.92
Lard—					
Sept	11.53	....	....	11.45	11.45
Oct	11.40	....	....	11.37	11.35
Jan	11.40	....	....	10.35	10.35
Ribs—					
Sept	11.37	....	....	11.30	11.57
Oct	10.90	....	10.82	10.85	10.85
Jan	9.45	....	....	9.37	9.37

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 9.—Hog receipts were light and the market was strong. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves ruled steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.20@9.25; good mediums, $8.80; heavy yorkers, $8.00; light yorkers, $9.25; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.80@8.90; good pigs, $9.30; bulk of sales, $8.65@9.25; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $6.30@7.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.00@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; common and light steers, $5.00@5.50; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@2.75; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.75@4.25; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.75@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.00; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; culls and common, $3.00@3.50; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.00 down; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and pail fed, $5.00@6.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, August 9.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle steady. Hogs—Receipts, 1,200; market active and 10@15c higher; heavy, $8.70@8.75; mixed, $8.90@9.10; mediums, $9.40@9.45; yorkers, $9.45@9.50; lights, $9.70@9.75; pigs, $9.75@9.80. Sheep slow. $4.50 down; top lambs, $7.00. Calves slow, $9.25 down.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, August 9.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 10,000; market weak to 10c lower; beeves, $4.75@8.40; Texas steers, $3.50@5.65; western steers, $4.00@6.75; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.25; cows and heifers, $2.70@6.60; calves, $6.50@8.50. Hogs, receipts estimated at 11,000; market strong; light, $8.40@9.00; mixed, $7.85@8.85; heavy, $7.45@8.40; rough, $7.45@7.70; good to choice heavy, $7.70@8.40; pigs, $8.40@9.00; bulk of sales, $7.85@8.25. Sheep, receipts estimated at 25,000; market weak to 10c lower; native, $2.50@4.40; western, $2.60@4.40; yearlings, $4.50@5.60; lambs, native, $4.50@7.00; western, $4.50@7.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, August 9.—(By Bower & Bower.) Hogs, receipts 10 cars; market higher; pigs and lights, $9.40; yorkers, $9.20; heavy, $8.90. Cattle, two cars; market steady; best heavy steers, $8.75; lambs, $8.75; steers, $6.25@6.75; cows and bulls, $4.00@4.50.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., August 9.—(By Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, two cars; market strong. Hogs, five cars; market steady; heavy, $9; yorkers, $9.40; pigs, $9.75. Sheep, two cars; market, steady; best lambs, $7.50; yearlings, $5.50@6; wethers, $5@5.50; ewes, $4@4.60. Calves, $5@9.70.

Money and Stocks.

New York, August 9.—(Wall Street)—Opening business in the stock market today was neglected on account of news of Mayor Gaynor's attempted assassination. Prices moved sluggishly with small gains. The Canadian Pacific advanced 2½ on the dividend increase. Pittsburg, C. C. & St Louis rose 1¼ and Northern Pacific 1. Amalgamated Copper declined ⅝.

The market turned upward under the leadership of the coalers after some sharp declines had been recorded. Reading jumped 2, Union Pacific and Northern Pacific 1½, Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania, New York Central, Great Northern preferred and Chesapeake & Ohio each gained 1 to 1⅜. American Hide and Leather preferred fell 1⅝ and Republic Steel preferred 1.

Reading's advance carried it to 161. Most of the dealings were in that stock, United States Steel and Union Pacific. Gains were made by Atchison, Norfolk and Western, Missouri Pacific, Amalgamated Copper, American Smelting and some others. Westinghouse Electric gained 2, Utah Copper 2¼, Union Pacific, Great Northern preferred and Chesapeake & Ohio 2, St. Paul 1⅝, and United States Steel 1⅝. The bank news of Mayor Gaynor's condition relieved the market of a depressing influence. Weather was considered favorable for corn and cotton and the bad effect of the government report was neutralized. Bonds were firmer except New York City corporation stocks, which were depressed.

New York Stocks.

New York, August 9, 1910.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	109	110	109	110
Am. Loco. com	36¼	37	36	37
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	118⅝	119	118⅝	118⅝
Atchison	97	98¼	96⅝	98⅛
Am. Car & F. Co	46¼	46¾	46⅛	46⅛
Anaconda	40	41	40	40
Amal. Copper	64⅝	66⅝	63⅝	66⅛
Am. Smelters	67⅛	69¼	66⅞	69⅛
Am. Tel. & Tel.	132⅜	133	132¼	132¾
Am. Cotton Oil	58½	58½	58½	58½
Am. Beet Sugar	33	33¼	33	33¼
Balt. & Ohio	107¼	108⅝	107	107
Brooklyn R. T.	75	76¼	74⅝	74⅝
Cast Iron Pipe pfd	55	55	55	55
Chicago & G. W.	23	23¼	23	23
Chicago G. W. pfd	43⅝	44⅝	43⅝	43⅝
Canadian Pacific	188½	190⅜	188½	188½
Clover Leaf	22⅜	23	22⅜	22⅜
Clover Leaf pfd	46	49¼	46	49
Colorado Fuel	28¾	29¼	28⅝	28⅝
Ches. & Ohio	71⅜	73⅛	71